FEBRUARY, 1905

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Hall Caine's Best Moments.

A year ago last summer Mr. Hall Caine took ship for Iceland equipped with all necessary apparatus for observing and recording the fiercest Arctic emotions, to be incorporated later in a novel of primitive passions. We remarked at the time the precision and energy of his movements and expressed our entire confidence in his ability, not only to secure those passions, but to deliver them to the consumer at the exact date specified in the contract. We were not mistaken. *The Prodigal Son,* primitive, passionate, of standard Hall Caine weight and quality, was punctual to the moment. As on previous occasions, he has been willing to answer inquiries at every stage, explaining his purpose beforehand, showing visitors over the works, reporting progress from time to time, and after its completion giving the sources and dates of what he frankly admits to be his finest inspirations. On this last point we are able to quote a news item of importance:

"Hall Caine believes that moments of the greatest inspiration come in great solitude. The thought to end *The Prodigal Son* by having Oscar killed in an avalanche instead of by his brother Magnus, as he had at first intended, came to the author when he was alone half way up a bleak and rugged mountain in Iceland."

This was no accident. At a certain point, usually about midway in the seventh chapter, it is his practice in the preparation of a manuscript to remain for some minutes utterly alone, preferably upon a mountain. On this occasion he took out his watch and turning to his employees remarked simply, "I am about to have my best moment." They backed away. For three-quarters of an hour he and Nature looked each other firmly in the eye, and on his return, after saying briefly, "I have had it," he revised Magnus, added materially to Oscar and dictated the whole of the avalanche before night. This is the plain version of the affair and we deny that there was anything fortuitous about it. He knew he would find inspiration and a better way of killing Oscar half way up that mountain, just as he knew six months before he visited Iceland that he would return to his publishers with the primitive passions well in hand. The ablest executive in current literature climbs no mountains and seeks no solitudes that cannot almost instantly be turned to good account, and we shall believe nothing against his system, even when it comes from himself.

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THE "RED DEEPS" OF "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

The Eliot and Brontë Countries.

"If one were to take a census as to the literary capital of George Eliot's country," writes William Sharp in one of the chapters of his *Literary Geography,* "it would probably result in the election either of Chilvers Coton, near Nuneaton (the 'Shepperton' of the early stories, and the novelist's home until she was of age), or, and the more likely, of Ellaston, the 'Hayslope' of *Adam Bede.*" Many years ago, in a popular periodical for young readers which Mr. Sharp edited, the question was editorially asked: "Who are the two most famous persons in George Eliot's novels, and what are the two best known localities?" The greater part of the answers declared, on the first count, for Mrs. Poyser and Maggie Tulliver (the latter run close by poor Hetty, by Dinah Morris, and by Adam Bede); and, on the second, for Donnithorne Hall Farm (Hayslope), and "Red Deeps," where Maggie Tulliver used to meet her lover, Philip Waakem. The great charm of George Eliot's country, according to Mr. Sharp, is that it is real country, loved and understood for itself, as well as being the background of the humours and sorrows and joys of human life, loved for its own intimate charm, as well as for its real and imaginary dramatic associations.

The real Brontë country is to be sought in two regions: in and just beyond the West Riding of Yorkshire, in those windy uplands and wide reaches of sombre moor which lie away from Hawarth, away from the highways "where excursion-drag and motor-car corrupt—in the Brontë books." Broadly speaking, the *Jane Eyre* country is all around Kirkby Lonsdale; *The Shirley* country is south of Bradford, and may be said to be bounded by Gomersall, Birstal, Brighouse, Mirfield, Heckmondwike, and back to Gomersall; while the *Wuthering Heights* country can be indicated only by the region around Hawarth. "The Withens" is on the hilltop above Hawarth, and is supposed to represent the situation of Wuthering Heights. The house itself, as detailed in Emily Brontë's famous romance, is a composite picture; the interior having been suggested by Ponden Hall, near Hawarth, and the exterior by High Sunderland, Law Hill, near Halifax.

Thomas Dixon.

It is probable that the last book in the Reconstruction trilogy which Mr. Thomas Dixon is writing, and of which *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman* have already appeared, will be called *The Traitor.* Of course, its cen-

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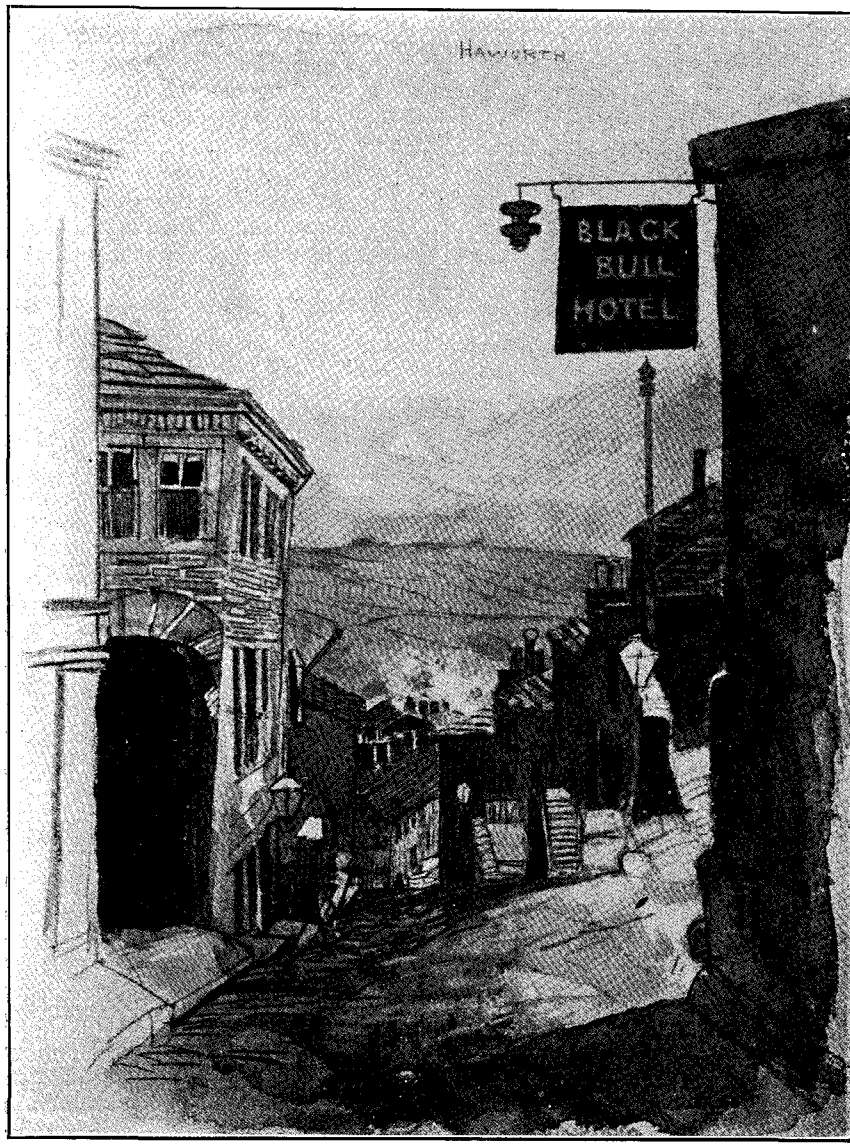
tral theme will be the Ku-Klux Klan. In this connection it may be of interest to note that Mr. Dixon's first story, written when he was in his teens and published in a college periodical, was a tale of that remarkable organisation. After his first literary attempt Mr. Dixon made to himself a solemn vow that he would not write for publication until he had "come to forty year"; a vow which was very nearly kept. It is probably known to very few persons that the first serious ambitions of the author of *The Leopard's Spots* pointed to the stage, and that he had an exciting, though brief, theatrical experience. He was twenty years of age, was living in New York, and simply bubbling over with a desire to fire the world in Shakespearian roles. For a consideration of three hundred dollars a benign theatrical manager offered to allow him to play the part of the Duke of Richmond in a performance of *Richard III.* which was to be taken out on the road. Mr. Dixon enthusiastically paid part of this



IN THE BRONTË COUNTRY.

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sum and travelled as far west as Herkimer, New York, where the indulgent manager disappeared and the company disbanded. Mr. Dixon's next field of activity was politics, and there his career was of a more serious nature. He had barely attained his majority when he was elected to the North Carolina Legislature. By a strange coincidence his maiden speech was reported by Mr. Walter H. Page, his present publisher, who was then working on the Raleigh *Chronicle*. From politics Mr. Dixon turned to the ministry, then to lecturing and then to writing. At present, when he is not writing he is fishing or duck-shooting.

In *The Clansman*, as in *The Leopard's Spots*, there is hardly an incident of an historical nature which is not based upon actual fact. It is to the author's credit that the writing of each of his books has been preceded by the most careful research among the legal records and the newspaper files of the scenes which he describes. The tragic story of Marion Lenoir in *The Clansman* was drawn literally from events which took place in Mr. Dixon's native town, and which were, in a measure, responsible for the organisation of the Ku-Klux Klan. The case of mistaken identity in the same story, by which Ben Cameron is taken for Philip Stoneman and sentenced to be shot, is also drawn from an historical source. During the worst days of the Reconstruction Period there was quartered in Newberry, South Carolina, a regiment of negro troops. One day two burly, drunken negro soldiers entered a railway train just outside of the town, and one of them sat down beside a young white girl of seventeen and put his arm around her. The girl screamed, and a young Southerner in the car, springing to his feet, drew a revolver and shot the negro dead. The negro's companion jumped from the train, ran to the military headquarters and reported the occurrence. When the train reached the Newberry station it was surrounded by troops. The man who had done the shooting stepped calmly from the platform and walked away unmolested. Another man in the car, who had nothing whatever to do with the affair, was pointed out, arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot within twenty minutes. News of this summary proceeding reached the man who had fired the shot. He promptly gave himself up and was executed within the appointed time.

In conversation the other day Mr. Dixon told a very interesting story about the printing of the ritual of the Ku-Klux Klan, illustrative of the organisation's methods of mystery and secrecy. The title of the society was derived not, as is generally supposed, from the sound of the cocking of a gun, but from the Greek word for circle. The printing of its ritual was a very serious matter. Two printers in a newspaper office in Pulaski, Tennessee, themselves members of the organisation, were selected for the work. But it was not enough that they were men of the most absolute loyalty and discretion. They must not know from whom their instructions came. Bricks were taken out of the wall of the newspaper office and a receptacle made. In this receptacle unseen hands placed the copy and the anonymous letters of instruction. After a certain number of copies of the ritual had been set up they were placed in the receptacle by the printers and removed at night and distributed in the same mysterious manner. The type from which it was printed was, of course, immediately broken up. Of this Ku-Klux Klan ritual there are supposed to be but two copies in existence. One is in Tennessee, and the other in the library of Columbia University.

Theodore Thomas.

The death of Theodore Thomas has removed the leading musical force in America. Although born in Hanover, Theodore Thomas spent all but his first ten years in this country, and was always looked upon as a true son of the soil. For almost fifty years he was an orchestral conductor, and from the first showed himself the born leader. Firm and uncompromising, undeterred by obstacles that would have vanquished a smaller man, he made his name a household word wherever music was discussed. It

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THOMAS DIXON.

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ESTHER SINGLETON.

is not too much to call Thomas America's chief musical educator. He felt that it was his mission above all else to make known the best that has been said and thought in the world of music; and his activities spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. Thomas has always been noted as a programme maker. His ability to arrange fine programmes was directly the result of his versatility and broad catholic tastes. He was as much at home with Bach, Mozart and Beethoven as with Schubert and Schumann, or with Wagner and Liszt, while Strauss, Elgar and other moderns were familiar names on his programmes.

When Wagner was still fighting his way in Germany, Thomas systematically created a propaganda for his operas in America by playing excerpts from them and repeating them until they became familiar. In this connection is told a story which well illustrates his attitude of mind. He was remonstrated with by a friend for the frequency with which Wagner's music was played. His friend said: "The public doesn't like it." "Then they must hear it until they do," was Thomas's reply. Thomas's nightly concerts at Terrace Garden and Central Park Garden are still remembered with delight by the older generation of concert-goers.

Esther Singleton.

In that particular line of literary work with which Miss Singleton's name has been associated during the last few years, she is to-day absolutely without an equal. And it is very doubtful that the average careless reader has any real conception of what this work demands. It is compilation, but compilation in its best form. It demands critical judgment, distinction, a broad editorial sense and a wide range of reading. In her latest volume, *Famous Women,* the qualities are seen in full maturity. The various chapters treat of Mary, Queen of Scots, Madame de Maintenon, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Margaret of Parma, Marie de Mancini, Queen Elizabeth, the Marquise de Montespan, the Duchess of Cleveland, Madame Roland, Lady Hamilton, the Duchesse de Naine, Catherine of Russia, and a score of others,—queens and heroines and royal courtesans,—the women who have swayed the destinies of nations, and it is doubtful if Miss Singleton in any one case could have drawn the best of her portrait from a happier source.

"The Little Girl."

We don't think that any one of the thousands of friends of Amanda M. Douglas's "The Little Girl" will be in the least surprised to learn that the idea of the first story was intensely personal. Miss Douglas herself had been a little girl in old New York—that strange, quaint town of odd streets and fashions that has passed so far away from us all. She recalls that in those days there were not so many celebrities, and that to walk down Broadway of an afternoon and to behold N. P. Willis and Morris in the flesh was an event to be remembered till the end of time. And to have been a little girl in New York of those years meant also to have a personal feeling for a still older New York, the city of aunts and great-aunts and great-uncles, who delighted to regale little ears with reminiscences of the Presidency of Washington

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and stories of the War of 1812, and descriptions of their fine gardens along Broadway. "And wouldn't it seem queer," writes Miss Douglas, "to say that I had seen and shaken hands with Thackeray, just as the little girl in the book did. But it is so."

When it came to the stories of the other cities it was not so simple a matter. The hardest kind of work and the most painstaking research was needed before Miss Douglas felt that she knew how they had looked in the beginning. In the Congressional library she found the first and only old map of Washington when a now forgotten river ran nearly through the city. The Historical Librarian of New Orleans found for her old drawings and pamphlets, and the Librarian at St. Louis sent her a copy of the oldest map of St. Louis, when there were only five streets back of the river. "In them all I have tried to keep historically true to the times and the people, the early settlers, the customs and pleasures. But the little girl had to be the central point in them, and how the life affected her, and how as she grew older the city grew older, too, and dropped its youthful aspect. The early youth of the city is there as well as of the child."

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GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON IN HIS STUDY.

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"Baldy the Goat."

On January the 14th the Little Roomers of Chicago, to whose joyous antics we had occasion to refer a year ago, presented a burlesque dramatic version of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's *Beverly of Graustark*. The burlesque bore the rather startling title of "Baldy the Goat." In our next issue we shall describe this performance at greater length. There were strange features connected with it which unquestionably should be preserved for posterity.

The President's Style.

There has been much comment of late on the style of President Roosevelt's writings and public addresses, some of it ineffective because manifestly ill-natured. The English reviews have been especially severe. The *Saturday Review*, referring to his annual message, says: "One would like to believe that the Roosevelt who once had a mind which could express things is playing some deliberate, solemn jest upon his American public." The *Speaker* describes it as combining "cant, pretence, arrogance, bad taste and bad sense in a turgid mass of slushy rhetoric," and a writer for *Blackwood's* drawing the usual parallel between him and the Emperor William declares that "in nothing do the two monarchs resemble each other so much as in their easy mastery of the obvious. Moral maxims roll from their tongues empty and sonorous. Never since the world began have more variations been played upon the ancient, 'Be virtuous and you will be happy.'" On the other hand, his supporters carry their loyalty into the domain of merely literary criticism, believing, perhaps too implicitly, in the dictum that the style is the man. Now, looking at it in a cold-blooded literary way, as is perhaps permissible between elections, and applying only such tests as are regularly applied to plays, poems, newspaper and magazine articles, and the conversation of personal acquaintances, we should say that the chief characteristic of his style was a certain moral needlessness. Let us forget for the moment those vast majorities, and even the vast virtues that deserved them. Let us, just for an instant, pass over the sacred formula, It is what the people want. A very large part of his writings and public addresses consists of the elementary moral advice to which the *Blackwood's* writer objects. "I wish to see in the man manliness, in the woman womanliness." "I think that any man who takes an interest in this great country of ours must realise that the one all-important necessity of our social, industrial and political life is the necessity of the realisation of what brotherhood means." There is nothing unfair in taking these sentences out of their context. The speeches in which they appeared are entirely homogeneous. They are typical of Mr. Roosevelt's style, literary or oratorical, at a church anniversary or in an octavo volume. They are typical of it to-day and on the day when he left college. It is well known that any large, unapplied, non-committal and undeniable moral sentiment can travel unprotected from one end of the country to the other without encountering the least rudeness, and that thousands of them do so travel. Mr. Roosevelt's writings and speeches abound in an unnecessary fearlessness. He will say, "God bless our home," with the air of Luther at the Diet of Worms.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, who writes the excellent editorial paragraphs for *Collier's Weekly*, and who, though still young, is morally venerable (if not known already as the Father of the Middle West), applauds this quality in our President's style as representative of the masses, and therefore salutary. "The masses," says Mr. Hapgood, "have a good deal more political sense than anybody else," and he says of the President:

> "He works much and well and it takes a person of many activities to represent this land. In reaffirming the decalogue; in celebrating some commonplace volume like *The Simple Life;* in attacking race suicide, snobbishness, wife-beaters, weaklings or cowards; in preaching at a hemisphere; in talking about his Irish blood, his Southern ancestry, his catholic sympathy or his appreciation of Dog Run, Indiana; in all this cauldron of aggressive living and expression, the President satisfies the popular mood, not by intention, but by miscellaneous vigour. . . . Even if he is appointing a corruptionist or arguing in

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favour of war as a form of exercise, he will give his view in moral propositions. He will exude an atmosphere of principles. The central note of American politics to-day, the note of the future, the mark of the new, is ethics. . . . In pervading moral tone, in the naked confidence with which he follows his intimate beliefs, he is strong with the forces of the masses and the time."

Personally, Mr. Hapgood does not care for it, and any article having this presidential quality would be excluded from his magazine. If a friend addresses Mr. Hapgood in the style employed by his hero toward these United States, Mr. Hapgood at once goes to sleep. But there is the country, which, perhaps, never heard the words Thou shalt not steal, and when the President says, Honesty is the best policy, it is possible that Montana may change her tactics and the Mississippi River flow through virtue to the sea.

Nevertheless, we have never met any one who seemed to need the blameless generalities which make up so large a part of the President's writings. His enemies think them a proof of hypocrisy. His friends, while untouched personally, pass them piously on to the "masses," as likely to elevate somebody somewhere, an Indian or two or a Filipino. Fully one-half of the President's sentiments are skipped in the faith that they are meant for the "masses." Yet in nothing is our country so rich already, and when we consider his own enormous contributions it would seem that henceforth he might safely leave the best known of the moral adages to take their natural course. Purity in politics is laudable, and if we would be good citizens we must insist on good laws, and what this country needs is manly men (equally, of course, womanly women, for woman is very important; so is the home), and if we are poor, let us not envy the rich, and if we are rich let us not despise the poor, for a man's a man for a' that, and our lives should be both strenuous and simple, and let us take for our constant example the youth who bore through snow and ice the banner with the strange device, U-pi-dee, i-da. So it has been and so it will be, for he is not a man to learn from his enemies, and his friends are too loyal to confess. He will always believe that the country needs it, and we confidently predict that of the seven hundred addresses to be penned by him during his second term, and ultimately bound up with the forty volumes already printed, a very large part will consist in bold and copious generalisation on the central theme that to do right is, broadly speaking, the right thing to do. We deny in this instance, however, that the style is the man. Nor do we agree with Mr. Hapgood that "the mood, tone and manner are those of the great Central West." We believe, rather, from recent examples, that it is the Voice of the Mississippi Basin before it went to school, and that so far from being a proof of "restless energy," "miscellaneous vigour," and all that, it is often a sign of profound mental quietude, the mind passing from topic to topic as from bed to bed.

Editorial Personalities.

Mr. Bliss Perry began the new year of the *Atlantic Monthly* with a friendly address to his readers on the aims and traditions of the magazine. Editors nowadays seldom achieve the spirit of this frank and courteous little paper, though they still strive for it, especially in certain quarters where the examples of Charles Dudley Warner and George William Curtis are almost fatally alluring. As readers, we hardly dare say how much we miss these editorial confessions, lest we bring down on us more columns of "confidential chat," thinly disguising a solicitation for subscriptions, or rouse "rambler," or "spectator," or "rover" to fresh Addisonian endeavours. As readers we know enough to let sleeping dogs lie. Frankness and informality are dangerous qualities to recommend to a mixed editorial population, and after all it is the men we miss and not the departments or the methods. It is merely our bad luck that the "Toastmaster" of the *Atlantic*, as Mr. Perry calls himself in his New Year confidences, is almost the only editor that can write in this personal way about his own or other magazines without wearying his readers or offending their taste. Yet, for our part, we own to an indefensible relish for the old-time editorial personalities, even when they were bad,

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and dislike the present menial practice with the editorial waiters standing silent behind the chairs. To be sure they used to blackguard one another in the newspapers and brag monotonously about themselves, but it was at least more interesting than a system which effaces completely the editorial person, good or bad, and leaves only a vague "we," meaning the corporation, or the linotype machines, or the people, or some such bundle of entities, never anybody in particular. A fearful personal disaster behind that corporate "we." Sometimes there is the wail of a lost soul in it—somebody trying to be everybody and all gone to vulgar fractions in the process. There are editors who think exclusively in "we's," even out of office hours, the mind balking instinctively at any thought "unlikely to interest our readers" or unsupported by an "influential portion of the intelligent public." That is what comes of being a mouthpiece and a fourth estate, and a bulwark, palladium, wholesale broker in public opinion, guide, caterer, social dynamometer and what not. An editor's soul will often disappear long before it leaves the body.

Editorial expression at present is so impersonal that nobody seems to matter much. A massacre in Park Row, provided it did not end in pillage, would make no difference in those excellent editorial pages. Should the murderers pass from Franklin Square (wet with the blood of Harper's chivalry) to the offices of uptown magazines, pausing only to burn Dr. Abbott and that Harvard sermon, the carnage, though in a sense deplorable, would not seriously affect the characters of the bereaved magazines. A momentary maladjustment, perhaps, some black-bordered paragraphs about an irreparable loss, but soon each would be giving to its readers precisely what its readers were accustomed to receive. And but for those same black borders no reader would suspect that the "strong personality which left its impress on all its pages" had recently passed away. We would not bring back the times when editors were shot or horsewhipped for what they wrote, yet we do miss the kind of man whose absence would be noticed if by chance somebody did kill him. Hence it is a pleasure to know that the *Atlantic* has a personal editor who can talk in the old way, but with better manners, and who does not hesitate to mention the names of his contemporaries or to reveal some pardonable vanities of his own. We like to be assured now and then that an editor is a real being and that there is only one of him; that he is not a subscription list incarnate, and that his personal character has not been entirely scooped out to form a shell for other people's habits.

The reluctance of editors to recognise one another's existence, and the consequent absence in one periodical of any comment on the pages of another, is a natural reaction from past excesses, but it is carried too far. They are afraid to praise lest it advertise, and afraid to blame lest it look like jealousy. Hence certain matters of interest are shut out altogether, and what is worse, there is no chance of profiting from published criticism. Readers write letters, of course, but these need not be printed. The most intelligent criticism of newspapers and magazines never finds its way into print, and there are many little editorial happy families who have no more idea what their equals think of them than the members of a college faculty. We have visited many an editorial office which seemed as snug as a nest of guinea pigs, and there are editors who have led such sheltered lives that to tell the truth to them now would seem like striking a woman. On the other hand, there are many editorial deeds which other editors honestly admire, but dare not mention.

"Two of the most uniformly readable newspapers in this country," says Mr. Perry, "are the New York *Sun* and the *Springfield Republican*. Neither can be read without wrath or given up without a feeling that the world has grown duller. Both are vigorous, alert, and well written. They differ in their attitude toward most public questions; they differ in field, one being 'metropolitan' and the other 'provincial'—though which is the more truly provincial, who is bold enough to say?—and there is a difference in personal style which may be detected in almost every sentence. Yet both, from the first line to the last, quicken one's curiosity, interest, knowledge, about human life. They manage to convey to the most indifferent reader a vivid sense of what people are thinking about, what they feel and really are."

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It applies in equal, if not greater measure, to the New York *Evening Post,* and there is no reason why comment of this nature should be confined to the Atlantic seaboard or to newspapers or be uniformly sweet in tone. Hard knocks could be given and received to the delight of readers and without imperilling vested interests.

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"What Are the Facts?"

Writers of school histories and editors of biographical dictionaries or general works of reference find themselves involved in the most surprising controversies with indignant readers. An apparently unemotional worker in this field, a "harmless drudge," as Dr. Johnson would have called him, recently allowed us to dip into his letter-files and we shall never again commiserate the dryness of his task. At first thoughts, it seems a dull business, this writing of books that shall not take sides where scholars disagree. It is so much more fun to choose your party or your creed beforehand and back it up by your own set of writers, and beat the drum and sound the timbrel in your own ranks. Begin with the crushing question, What are the facts? Then find only Whig facts along with Macaulay, and anti-slavery facts along with von Holst; kill a million babies at St. Bartholomew or kill no one at all; prove that the church taught the remission of sins by cash payments, or whitewash Tetzel, Samson, Borgia and all the rest; quadruple your pros, hide your cons, and use history as a private cupboard from which you take out what you like best. The modern historian with his cold-blooded scientific standards is fast spoiling this ancient and delightful pastime, and text-book writers and editors can no longer charge joyfully along the pathway of their prepossessions as they used to do some years ago. Staunch Protestants like Professor Fisher and other school-book makers now refer to the "gross abuses" of Tetzel instead of calling them the crimes of the Scarlet Woman. Compilers, editors, condensers, industrious middlemen of information, who see to it that facts are duly chopped up, predigested, sifted, sorted, boxed or crated and shipped to the public in volumes of convenient size, have caught from scholars the habit of scientific self-repression. No one nowadays, however violent his predilection, would write a handbook in the spirit of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.* From many a dictionary you can scarcely guess the creed of the lexicographer. What are the fires of Smithfield and where are the damnable heresies to your "harmless drudge"? Leslie Stephen edited the *National Biography* without striking a single blow for his own agnosticism. It certainly seems a tame and spiritless profession in these days.

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But a glance at the editor's letter-files will promptly remove that impression. The passion that is kept out of the text still burns in the correspondence. Scholars may be calm, rational and modern, but readers are not. Readers become infuriated at the most innocent-seeming remarks. Readers will see in a kind word for the late Sir Isaac Newton a covert sneer at the late Dr. Jasper. All the ages of the world are found among readers and every stage of civilisation. Troglodytes, Mormons, early Puritans, Essenes, Anabaptists, anti-vaccinationists, Thomists, Scotists, and spelling-reformers, all read and all take umbrage. The editor is variously a tool of the Jesuits, a Methodist bigot, an infidel, a fanatic, heretical, orthodox, conservative, revolutionary. If he states both sides of a question, extremists on either one curse him for mentioning the other. In fact, to judge from this correspondence we should say that in trying to be impartial he got himself into hotter water than if he chose his side and lied stoutly in defending it. Then the missiles would at least all come from the same general direction, while his present policy exposes him to a raking cross-fire. If he writes fairly of Luther he is bombarded on both sides; if he writes unfairly he is bombarded on only one. His calmness is doubly provocative, and readers are sure to lose their tempers just from seeing him keep his.

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Differing greatly in content the letters showed one common characteristic. The madder the writer, the deeper his assurance that he possessed a judicial mind. "You are incapable of an honest state-

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ment of plain facts," says one accuser, and then substitutes a new and hitherto private history of the heavens and the earth. That outward devotion to fact seems to increase with the power of misstatement, and it is a safe rule for an editor on reading a prefatory eulogy of truth in general to brace himself for some giant falsehoods in particular. The most touching tribute to historical fact came from a mad Mullah in one of the wildest parts of Boston, and truth invariably took on all the colours of the rainbow in the very letters which praised most eloquently its pure white light. There is nothing stubborn about a fact. It is a time-server and a lickspittle, all things to all men, and whenever it meets a fool it is ready to lay down its life for him. It will do so sometimes for a genius. "It is my stern desire," says Ruskin in one of his delightful letters to Mr. Norton, "to get at the pure facts, and nothing less or more, which gives me whatever power I have." Accordingly our civil war was to him a "squabble between black and red ants," and Cervantes and Dickens were merely "mischievous" persons and Sainte-Beuve was a hopelessly "shallow" creature, and so on through a thousand charming vagaries (sternly pursued as "facts"), till he became quite mad, still convinced that he was merely judicious. When reason dies in a great man it is the iridescent death of the dolphin and the world cannot complain, but in our editor's correspondence the phantoms were all vulgar, no more picturesque than facts. Yet there must be some excitement in opening the mail if only to read the new epithets and learn whose little private well of truth he is accused of poisoning that morning.

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"The Thackerayan Three Thousand."

A feature of striking interest in the new edition of the works of Thackeray which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out, is the alphabetical list of his characters which is found at the end of the thirty-second and last volume. This list when footed up is positively startling. It shows that in the great English satirist's works there appear between three thousand and thirty-five hundred different characters; probably more than go to make up the vast edifice of Blazac's *Comédie Humaine;* certainly more than are to be found in all the works of Dickens, and almost as many as are mentioned in the innumerable volumes for which the elder Dumas and his collaborators—Dumas et Cie—are responsible. Now the average reader with a good, sound background in fiction is not in the least surprised when you speak of the two or three thousand people of whom Balzac made use in his rôle as the secretary of the society of his day. The very vagueness and shadowiness of many of Dickens's creations tend to blind one in any summing up of them as a whole. But with the real Thackerayan it is a different matter. We venture the opinion that if you were to ask him casually the number of persons who figure in Thackeray's works he would, perhaps, say four or five hundred. We will go further than this and maintain that not two out of fifty of the most devoted of Thackeray's readers can casually, and without any reference whatever, name two hundred people who figure in his works. Perhaps "the Thackerayan three thousand" may serve as an extenuation or an explanation of his killing off Lord Farintosh's mother in one chapter of *The Newcomes* and bringing her back to life a hundred pages later, and of his referring to Philip Firmin at a certain point in *The Adventures of Philip* as Clive Newcome.

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Until one, in looking back, begins to take into consideration the minute details of the Thackerayan method, the digressions and the countless allusions contained therein, the figures contained in this summing up are little short of amazing. You may be the best of Thackerayans, have read *Vanity Fair,* and *Esmond,* and *The Newcomes,* and *Pendennis* and *Barry Lyndon* a score of times, and even, out of sheer devotion, waded through *Lovel the Widower* and what there is of *Denis Duval;* but can you, offhand, tell anything of Mr. Abednego, of Acosta, of Grocer Adams, of Sir John Æcus, or of Mrs. and Master Alderney—to glance down the first column of the first of nearly eighty pages? In what books do they appear? What are the parts played by them? Or to

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turn over to the other end of the alphabet, who are Yapp, and Dr. Young, and Yow, and Zamor, and Lady Zedland, and the Duchess of Zero? Perhaps someone will think that we have been picking out characters of his more obscure works, of his fugitive contributions to this magazine or that. Not at all. Of the persons we have named a number belong to the four or five great novels upon which his fame rests; not one but plays his part in someone of the books which have been read by every genuine lover of Thackeray.

"The Second Stain."

In what we fear will be the last tale about Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written up to the most fascinating and suggestive of all the titles to which he made allusion, here and there, in the earlier stories. This, of course, is "The Adventure of the Second Stain." That this affair had been among Sherlock Holmes's experiences we learned for the first time in "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty." We were told that it dealt with interests of such importance and implicated so many of the first families in the Kingdom, that it would be impossible to make it public for many years; and that no other case had so clearly illustrated the value of the consulting detective's analytical methods. We were further informed that in an interview after the solution of the problem, Holmes demonstrated the true facts to M. Dubugue, of the Paris police, and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well-known specialist of Dantzig, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be side issues. The promises of these half confidences were hard to live up to; and although "The Adventure of the Second Stain," as it is written, is among the very best, if not the very best, of the new series, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seems to have forgotten a good deal of what he said when he first called our attention to the affair. True, a great family is implicated and international complications of the widest nature threatened, but it is luck rather than reasoning that leads to the recovery of the stolen document, and by no possibility could either M. Dubugue or Fritz von Waldbaum have had anything to do with the case or have wasted their energies upon side issues. *The Adventure of the Second Stain* is a good story, which seems to have been written with more zest and interest than most of the later ones. But it is open to the criticism that unlike the tales of *The Adventures* and *The Memoirs,* it does not convince you of Holmes's superior powers of analytical reasoning. In the old stories you were put into possession of the facts. Here you must take for granted.

Eugène Sue—The Romancer and the Man.

In one respect Eugène Sue, to whose centenary we called attention last month, was in his day without an equal as a master of the art of sustained horror, not one of his great contemporaries approached him—and these contemporaries, be it remembered, included the elder Dumas, Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian. Although he could appreciate properly in other writers the value of form, Sue could not in his own books reach a height of style which might have made his tales of adventure literary masterpieces. There was his greatest weakness. But no one who has read *Les Mystères de Paris* and *Le Juif Errant* will ever be able to forget entirely the grim terror inspired by some of his characters and episodes. When his great tales were appearing in *feuilleton,* George Sand referred to his personages as the menagerie, but confessed that she would not for the world miss one instalment. That the rest of Paris felt the same way is borne out by the fact that the newspapers in which these stories were appearing were not sold, but were rented at ten sous a half hour—the time needed to read the daily part of M. Sue's romance.

A good many of Sue's characters have lived and will continue to live, not because they are people of flesh and blood, but because it will be impossible to forget them so long as the human mind is open to keen impressions of horror. To this day the arch plotter Rodin, of *Le Juif Errant,* is appearing from time to time on the boards of the theatres of the outer Paris boulevards and is greeted

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with the same gallery cat-calls and maledictions which were hurled at him fifty or sixty years ago. Of like unpleasant but imperishable memory are the Englishman who followed the circus all over Europe so that he would be sure to be present the night the lions should turn on and devour their tamer; Le Chourineur (The Slasher), whose eyes on certain occasions saw only red; and the terrible Schoolmaster, who, blinded and chained, beat out the brains of his wife against the sides of his subterranean dungeon. Where else, in fiction, can we find monsters to match these? The more amiable personages of his books have become somewhat dimmed by time. The Grand Duke Rodolphe going about Paris like Haroun Al-Raschid, defending the victims of tyranny and of social injustice, relieving the needy and punishing the guilty, perhaps does not appeal to the imagination as he once did. But the monsters stand out, vivid and clear cut, figures of undiminished terror.

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If we are to accept the testimony of a good many of his contemporaries, Eugène Sue was not always the most agreeable of men. As the young naval officer, who served in the struggle for Grecian independence, he was pleasant enough, but the extraordinary success achieved by him between 1840 and 1845 seems to have turned his head. He began *Les Mystères de Paris* probably with the intention of writing a very sensational story, and not with any idea of taking up the cudgels for the French proletariat. To find himself universally acclaimed as the champion of the oppressed must have caused him a momentary surprise. This feeling apparently soon wore off, for it was not long before he was taking himself very much *au serieux* as a social regenerator. Even among his intimates he assumed a far-away air, as if his mind were intent upon some vast scheme for the amelioration of his kind. He nursed a dozen trivial affectations. One of these was that it was impossible for him to bear with the odour of cleaned gloves. He once expressed himself superciliously to this effect to Alfred de Musset. "But, after all, my friend," retorted de Musset, "they can't smell any worse than the dens that you describe for us. Don't you ever go there?"

❧

Sue's death was surrounded by mystery. It took place in Savoy. One day he undertook a mountain ascension in company with his friend Charras, but he was obliged to return to his *chalet* and go to bed. The next day he breathed his last, succumbing, according to the opinion of the physician in attendance, to a cerebral hemorrage. But with this explanation the public was not content. It was entirely too commonplace an ending for such a dramatic figure. It was soon noised abroad that Eugène Sue had died from poison. The famous chemist Raspail was largely responsible for these rumours. He announced openly his conviction that if the body were dug up and analysed there would be found traces of arsenic. For a time these rumours made a stir that was explained only by the enormous popularity of the writer and his influence over the crowd.

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"The Masquerader" and "M. S. Bradford, Special."

It is so seldom that one picks up a new book nowadays in which one cannot point out a complication or a situation bearing a strong resemblance to some other situation or complication in some earlier book, that it seems a little unjust to mention any particular story in this manner, even though one begins by protesting that after all it is only coincidence and that the author of the later narrative, in all probability, has never even heard of the other tale. But as at the present time *The Masquerader* is one of the two or three books most discussed in this country and is practically in the hands of every one, it may be interesting to say a word about a novel called *M. S. Bradford, Special,* written by Archibald Clavering Gunther and published five or six years ago. *M. S. Bradford, Special* is not a *Mr. Barnes of New York* nor a *Mr. Potter of Texas,* but in a certain way it runs along lines very much like those of Mrs. Thurston's story. Of course the idea of the substitution of one man for another and their close resemblance may be traced back, we would not venture to say how far, but the unusual re-

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semblance between these two books lies in the fact that the problem which confronts the hero of *M. S. Bradford, Special* in the house where he is supposed to be the husband and master is practically that which disturbs John Loder when masquerading in the home of John Chilcote.

❧

Contrasting Satirists.

Something more is required of a satirist than a hostile purpose and a fixed smile. We have found no more pleasure in reading Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Emmanuel Burden* than in listening to the prolonged sarcasm of a prosecuting attorney. Yet it is hard to say why, because Emmanuel Burden, the hero, is excellent material for the satirist, being dull, self-satisfied, opinionated, sordid, respectable, pompous, conventional, everything, in short, that a clever writer loves to despise, and there is no doubt that the author's irony is technically without a flaw. Mr. Belloc does not like Mr. Burden, and Mr. Burden is a common type. It would be amusing, thinks the author, to seem to take him at his own valuation and detail his trivial record with mock seriousness, making sure the while that the ironic purpose is not lost on the reader. No reader of *Emmanuel Burden* could miss it for an instant. Always the superior author, always the vulgar Burden. Six pages bring a conviction so profound that there is no need of the hundred that follow. As often happens, the satire which was meant to be merciless to its object only becomes in time merciless to the reader also. But British readers are hardier than we Americans in this respect, and in their satire, as in their puddings and public buildings, they have an eye to solidity and permanence. The irony of *Emmanuel Burden* may please them by its national thoroughness, while that skittish person Mr. Bernard Shaw presents the most amusing of his plays to small, half-frozen London audiences, the receipts being insufficient to pay for heating the theatre. Nevertheless we hold firmly to the view that true satire is not conceived in hate alone or maintained by consistent irony. The trouble with what is known as "biting satire" is that you soon grow weary of seeing it bite. "Biting satires" should always be short—the shorter the better—sharp, quick bites and few of them, no gnawing of the bone. Otherwise we are soon asking, Can the man do nothing else? Has he no stomach or bowels?

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But tastes in satire are as irreconcilable as tastes in jokes and it is not surprising to find an English reviewer pronouncing *Emmanuel Burden* "one of the most bitterly brilliant satires that has issued from the press for many a day." He adds this description:

> "Every chapter teems with cleverness, it bubbles up and flows over, till one almost feels as if too many good things were being given at once. It is the epic story of the great fight between the frothy, unstable, speculating method of the modern financiers, and the solid, honest, unadventurous trading of the men who made England at one time the first of commercial nations."

For our part we prefer the good humour of our own Mr. Dooley to any such "bitter brilliancy." Mr. Dooley has had his due as a popular entertainer, but the quality of his satire deserves higher praise than it has yet received. Experts in the delimitation of literature and journalism regard Mr. Dooley as insufficiently "literary" because he employs a brogue and addresses himself to passing topics. Others suspect him because he makes them laugh. But deducting certain elements of farce or buffoonery there is enough left in Mr. Dooley to outlast several exceedingly "literary" reputations, whose owners now class him under journalism or "humour of the day." The "bitterly brilliant" satire is a sort of cold-blooded, fool-murdering process which grows tiresome when prolonged, but the true satirist is half in love with the fools of his own creation and they seem more spontaneously absurd. In fact it is with their absurdity and not with the author's cleverness that the reader is concerned. Hatred, of course, may supply an excellent motive-power to men of great gifts, but for lesser writers Swift and Juvenal are not nearly so good models as Mr. Dooley.

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CONFIDENTIAL! FOR STORY-WRITERS ONLY!

At a choice little dinner for two recently, a popular author waxed confidential over the rum omelette.

"Nothing easier than short-story writing," he murmured, ladling spoonfuls of blue flame over the yellow soufflé. "Look at me! I never get less than a hundred and fifty a draw, and what do I write? 'Ping Pong' stories, I call 'em. They're all alike, and they go like this" (illustrating):

"Ping,
"Pong,
"Ping,
"Pong.

Always four parts: that's my working model. One, they meet; two, they fall in love; three, they fall out; four, they fall in again. I allow a thousand words, or a little less, to each part. I've just sold six of these stories to one magazine for nine hundred beautiful 'plunks.' Sometimes I call her Arabella and him Clarence, and sometimes I call him Algernon and her Clementina. You want to get 'em fancy,—it takes the ribbon counter every time,—no Jane and John for them, if you please! Then, for a setting, sometimes I take a yacht. I don't know anything about a yacht, but it's safe, for there are only a few people who do, and they don't read. And a yacht is popular with the masses. So's polo; golf's got far too common—anybody with five thousand a year can play golf now. Polo seems to be more expensive. Sometimes I have 'em ride to hounds, too; that's almost as popular as the yacht, and safe for the same reason. If I have it in town, I always have the footman bring in the lights and the tea. Golly! You've no idea how that takes! Unless you can write about people so poor as to be terribly disreputable, it's better not to write about any one too poor to keep a butler. Medium grades have no market value.

"When you've blocked it off, and chosen your names and setting, there's only one more thing to decide—what they fell out about. For this you have your choice of the following:

"1. He found out she was rich, and being himself a poor young man, was too proud to ask her. Solution: She learns this and asks him.

"2. He thought she was engaged to another fellow, probably his chum. Solution: It was her sister all the time.

"3. He is fabulously rich, but a confirmed hater of the artificial society woman; she is a sweet, natural young thing of the ribbon-counter class. She tries to be 'fine' to please him, and he doubts her womanly heart. In number four he learns his mistake, and 'all is forgiven.'

"4. He is ordered to the Bad Lands for his health; he asks the proud beauty to share his blasted life; she refuses with scorn. After he is gone New York 'seems empty to her,' and after wasting nearly to a shadow she follows him to the Bad Lands, arriving just in time to save him from dying with her beloved name on his lips. This is an extremely popular form, and may be slightly varied and used over and over with good results.

"5. She sees him sitting with his arm around a girl. Her heart breaks, almost. Solution: It was his cousin whose father has just died. Or he sees her in the embrace of a tall young man. Solution: It is her scapegrace young brother to whom she has just lent her quarterly allowance.

"6. The family feud. This immemorial situation is always a hit. You have an ancient family fight about a will. The younger relatives never meet; some blundering old dame, skirmishing for an eleventh hour dinner guest, forgets that Cecilia is coming, and invites her second cousin Roger. They are 'sent out' together; politeness gives place to cordial interest, and by the time the sweets are reached he proposes. Then the signal comes for the ladies to retire. He is kept in suspense until he can follow her to the drawing-room, where, as she daintily sips her apricot brandy, she glances shyly up at him and whispers 'Yes.'

"There are a few other varieties, but these, properly used, are enough for any one writer."

The pity of the foregoing is, it's not "made-up." It's true!

Clara E. Laughlin.

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BRUNETIÈRE AND BOURGET BEFORE THE ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTION IN FRANCE

The possible rupture between Church and State is at present the most interesting problem agitated in France. The scholarly and academic world is as much interested in it as the priests and the politicians, and as nowadays literature is so much given to the discussion of social questions, it was unavoidable that numerous traces of the struggle should be found there.

A magazine animated by a progressive spirit, *La Revue,* has very recently asked a number of the foremost representatives of Catholicism and Protestantism, in all professions, what they should think of a reunion of the two great fractions of Christianity. Although this comes in the very hottest time of the discussion, very conciliatory replies were received from both sides. Much more readiness, however, to advocate a positive union is noticeable on the Catholic side, for which two reasons will easily account: The first is that, in case a union should ever take place, every one takes it for granted that the Protestant Church would join the Catholic—never the reverse; though nobody expressed it in as many words, there is a tacit recognition of the idea on both sides. The second is that the Catholic Church is more threatened by the present events and the modern currents of thought than the Protestant, and therefore more apt to take a conciliatory attitude.

The pure and disinterested atmosphere of peace is found in the highest regions. No one will be surprised to hear that a man like Fonsegrive, the venerable editor of the Catholic paper *La Quinzaine,* and the famous pastor Charles Wagner should feel sympathy for each other's creed, and consider the differences less important than the resemblances in their respective faiths. The same might be said of two scientists like Vicomte Adhémar of the Catholic University of Lille and Sabatier of the Protestant University of Montpellier. Many others could be mentioned, and beautiful words of toleration have been uttered, thanks to the initiative taken by *La Revue.*

Unfortunately, the noisy and the lower elements are always more likely to stir the masses, and in the eyes of all balanced and impartial minds, it is the misfortune of the modern Catholic party in France to be supported, outside of the clergy, by a set of demagogues, who, fearlessly and dishonestly, endeavour to carry the people to a very narrow and unworthy ideal. Those men generally do not care at all for the religious questions involved, but only for the advantages that can be derived, according to them, from an alliance with the Church as a political machine. Among those so-called "Nationalists" are found some very talented men like Drumont, E. Daudet, Jr., Coppée, Lemaître, Barrès, and also two men who, in spite of their distinctly reactionary ideas, have succeeded in keeping in touch with the thinking part of the public. They have so skilfully acted that they are not branded with the name of "Nationalists," and are still considered by many of the educated classes as worthy leaders of thought in France. Those two men are the critic Brunetière and the novelist Bourget; the one, a strong, almost rough, logician who reasons away his adversaries, the other a subtle moralist who gently attracts into his nets those who are willing to listen to his ingenious and subtle arguments. Both these kinds of men have appeared frequently within the ranks of those supporting the Church ever since the classical days of Bossuet and Bourdaloue on the one side, and Fénelon and Massillon on the other.

I.

Brunetière is indeed a most remarkable case in literature, and I should think ought to appeal to some student of psychology. He has been positively hypnotised, not through some living medium, but through the medium of mere books, and books written by a man who lived

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two hundred and fifty years ago. Brunetière does not seem to realise at all the spirit of his time; he lives in the twentieth century an ardent disciple of the great preacher Bossuet, whose slightest suggestions and thoughts he blindly follows. The principle of authority in political, social, religious matters he has made his own at an epoch when freedom is the general aspiration among all civilised nations. Lack of recognition of an authoritative power breeds anarchy and disorder; moreover, there is only one way to maintain and to insure order, and this is why Brunetière to-day is willing to fight Protestantism with the same arguments exactly as Bossuet did in the seventeenth century, and with the same eagerness. Two years ago he even went to attack Calvinism to Geneva, the bulwark of French Protestantism. His aim is the same as Bossuet's too, namely, to reduce the enemies of Catholicism by persuasion, and, if this proves infeasible, to have recourse to authority. He looks upon Protestantism as a mere heresy of no more consequence than so many others before the sixteenth century, and which is doomed to disappear like the previous ones. The chief obstacle in his eyes, as stated in the answer to the inquiry mentioned above, is a difference of education between the adepts of the two Christian creeds. This state of affairs has lasted now for three centuries and dug the ditch deep enough; but still, let Protestants receive another education and they will have no objection to re-enter the Catholic Church. If he saw only his way to it, Brunetière would, no doubt, propose the creation of such convents as those directed by Bossuet and Fénelon for the special purpose of bringing up young Protestants according to the principles of the Roman Church. But he himself must see that his chances for such an end are rather slight to-day.

All this seems extremely odd to-day. And yet it is exactly what Brunetière has been preaching to us for years under the pretext of literature. What hurts most the feeling of modern nations, the infallibility of the Pope, does not seem to him to hamper in the least the liberty of thought. "L'infaillibilité pontificale n'empêche à mon avis, ni ne gêne en aucune manière la vraie liberté de l'esprit." And if so in ecclesiastical matters, why not in politics as well? If we have the Church of three hundred years ago, why not the autocratic form of government too? Says Brunetière himself: "The necessities of the 'action sociale' will sooner or later bring about in politics the notion of authority. This notion of authority in politics comes very near the Catholic notion of infallibility." This is clear enough; while the immense majority of men consider it a progress to go from monarchy to democracy, Brunetière on the contrary thinks the natural evolution to be from democracy to monarchy or at least to the extreme form of oligarchy.

This last, unexpected, clever and not altogether illogical, stroke gives us a clue to the popularity of Brunetière's ideas with a certain class of people in France. Strange as it may seem at first sight, it is this very principle of authority that fascinated them. The explanation of this fact is the following. When he began his campaign about ten years ago, it was the time when France just entered the crisis which seems very likely to end before long in the separation of State and Church, and which centred for a while in the Dreyfus affair. The latter was a mere pretext for those who wanted to bring about as soon as possible rather than to delay the decisive struggle which had been threatening so long between the two powers. A very small incident in itself, the Dreyfus affair was sufficient, however, to show to what a degree the passions were excited in France, and how the scenes of the great Revolution of 1789 might well be repeated. No wonder that a great many, and among them excellent citizens, were frightened by the only thought of such a convulsion; they were ready to consent to almost everything to avoid it. It was to those that Brunetière preached the gospel of authority to take the place of the gospel of freedom. Bewildered by the spectre of anarchy, they agreed that a strong and firm hand, one will—and not hundreds of thousands of wills as in a republic that was not yet very old and strong—might bring the desired relief to the situation, to the unsteady condition of affairs. As, on the other hand, the new idea of democracy had gained too much ground to be directly opposed, Brunetière proposed the authority of the Church; he was ready to go to Rome in order to get

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the monarch he wanted, as was plainly shown as early as 1895, when he related, in a famous article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his visit to the Vatican, and again in 1902 in his other sensational article against a *national* Catholic Church in France.

If Brunetière's views had gained the victory over those of his opponents, France would have avoided the eventful and agitated times of recent years, but the conflict would have been only postponed, and the delay most probably would have rendered the matter only worse. All friends of France feel glad with her to-day that the crisis is almost over and no longer threatening in the future.

In fact, Brunetière's opinions proved very strong in theoretical discussions, but in the actual battle, it may well be said that not the slightest attention was paid to them. Indeed he did not even succeed in entering the political arena, which was at a time an openly cherished hope with him.

II.

Brunetière has a great advantage over his fellow fighter, Bourget, who also succeeded in keeping the ear of the reading public of his mother country. Brunetière contented himself in advocating and defending the *principle* of authority; he was wise enough never to discuss concrete problems and facts. The case of Bourget is very different; he proved either more sincere or more naive, as one may choose; deliberately he set to work in order to show that the Catholic principle of authority would apply to the social conditions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as it did to those of the seventeenth. Several of his last novels are attempts of a demonstration of this kind. Let us see how convincing he is in taking up his last book just published, *Un Divorce*. The question of divorce has been so much agitated in France lately that a volume coming from the celebrated academician's pen could not but create a sensation.

The story runs thus: A woman of the world—Bourget knows of no other—was married twice. Her second husband, Darras, is a wealthy professor — if he were not wealthy he would never appear in a novel by Bourget—but who has severed all connection with the Church. Madame Darras herself had entertained moderately warm feelings for religion during many years, but, following the customs of the world, she had her daughter brought up according to the principles of the Catholic Church. Now, in going over the catechism with the girl, she has felt herself moved by reminiscences of her own youth; this and a natural touch of sentimentality stir up in her what she thinks to be religious emotions. She decides to go and see a priest, the Père Euvrard, a victim of the recent "abominable" prosecutions against the clergy, once comfortably established in a rich "collège," now occupying a modest apartment of the "Quartier Latin." The lady is well received, her dispositions encouraged; only she hears that, before the Church, Mr. Darras is not her husband. The Catholic Church does not recognise the divorce, and the reasons for it are produced in a long argument, the conclusion of which is a terrible prophecy of all the misfortunes falling upon those guilty of giving up an ill-assorted union: fratricide, hatreds between children of a first and of a second marriage, murderous clashes between father-in-law and son-in-law, parents judged and pitilessly condemned by their own offsprings—in short, the most shocking familial and social anarchy. Madame Darras is much impressed by this eloquence, and asks if she will be expected to leave her husband. The "prudent" Père Euvrard says, *Pas encore!* (not yet!). We shall see later the deep significance of these two words.

Now—how really remarkable!—very soon after this interview the prophecy of the priest goes into realisation. In the second chapter we become acquainted with Darras, a truly honest and straightforward man, although not a Catholic. Bourget made this concession—indeed he had to, otherwise he would have compromised his whole argumentation from the start in the eyes of all impartial readers. Darras had taken charge of the education of the son of his wife's first husband, and he had done it according to the principles of freedom and of individualism long ago adopted in France by the so-called "intellectuels." This young man has fallen in love with a very clever and respectable woman student, but who had, however, to bear the consequence of

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a sin committed years ago. Professor Darras knows of this, and first disapproves the choice of his son-in-law. Yet he agrees to become acquainted with the girl, and finding her extremely sympathetic in her simple and proud ways, readily assents to the marriage. The author, apparently just because the prophecy of Father Euvrard must be fulfilled, causes the two men to discuss and quarrel in a manner that goes directly against the refined nature and the high breeding of both. The weakness of Bourget's theories comes out here very strongly. He is obliged, in order to portray real and living characters, to make them so that they cannot possibly serve him as the proper tools to establish his thesis. Psychologically the contradiction is irreductible; every thoughtful reader will be aware of it. In the meanwhile, a writer can do as he pleases, and Bourget takes advantage of it. Of course, Madame Darras sees in all those events the hand of God, who punishes her for having disobeyed the Church.

At that moment her first husband dies from his irregular life. It seems thus that the question of divorce be removed. So it is. But the Church still refuses to recognise the second husband because the marriage had not been consecrated by a priest. Here begins a new "mise en scène," which, if not so false psychologically as the one already described, is perhaps more surprising still to those who have not been brought up in Catholic ideas. We are now given to understand what the mysterious words of the subtle Père Euvrard meant: *Pas encore!* In one of the most important scenes of the novel, Madame Darras asks from her husband to consent to a "little religious ceremony," in order to regularise their position toward the Church; he does not believe in it, of course, but he might for a few minutes act as if he did. It is hardly necessary to say that the new "convertie" has the approval of her confessor in this attempt; though a priest, he does not mind more than herself if Darras does something against his convictions, provided he should do nothing against the formalism of the Church. Darras does not wish to yield, because he sees in those conventional lies the cause of the feeling of unrest in our modern society, and he adds these beautiful words: "Je ne me ferai pas, même pour te plaire, le renégat de notre vie conjugale dont je garde moi la fierté si tu m'empêches d'en garder la joie." She tries to call his attention to the fact that on her part also she means to obey her conscience in making her request—but in vain.

From the text it seems evident that Bourget, like his heroine, is unable to distinguish between a conscience that is really free and another that has been modelled beforehand by some outsider, be he a servant to the Church or not. But to a free mind this difference lies at the root of the whole question.

As a result of her failure to convince her husband, Madame Darras with her daughter, the daughter of Darras, leaves the house. Mad with sorrow, the deserted man calls on Father Euvrard, asking him to send back his wife to her home. The priest pretends to have no hand in the elopement, but he admits that he might cause her to return. He sees, of course, that Darras is beside himself with despair, and the time for decisive action seems an admirable one to him. He dares to propose to render the ceremony of the ritual marriage just as easy as it can possibly be made; then there would be no difficulty in getting back the deserting wife. Darras is enough of a man to refuse and raise his head before the insult—and then the priest yields, apparently ashamed, or, it may be, simply frightened by the opinion of the world. The end of the preceding scene seems to be written by the Bourget of old days, the sincere psychologist, the independent writer, the friend of Taine, but the Catholic Bourget soon takes his revenge, for we see Father Euvrard allow his neophyte to go and live with Darras, but the disgusting condition is stipulated that she shall harass incessantly the soul of her husband, until by mere lassitude he shall implore for his grace and consent to everything she wants.

Let us not try to understand. Brunetière must be right: it is probably a question of education. To us, however, it seems as if people reading the new novel of Bourget, and knowing of no other books and public utterances of the author's opinions which fully testify to his attachment to the cause of Catholicism, should necessarily see in *Un divorce* a

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very strong plea *against* the ethics of the Roman Catholic Church.

In conclusion, let us quote Professor William James's answer to the syllabus of *La Revue,* it seems the only reply warranted by the examination of facts as brought out here: "I have nothing to say in answer to your two questions regarding a possible reunion of the Catholic and Protestant churches, unless it be that it does not seem to me desirable. As to its realisation in the English-speaking countries, except for a small fraction of the Anglican Church, it is so out of the question that it would be absurd to discuss it." *Albert Schinz.*

ANIMAL STORIES OF THE FUTURE

While people still continue to read all sorts of nature tales with greediness, there are two kinds of these stories which will probably not find a too enthusiastic public.

One is the story too trivial in incident, and told in the "little stories for little readers" manner. Mr. Seton has tried this. Some of his later sketches make me wonder if the author's vein has run out, they have so little of his former charm and novelty. Plain Mr. Thompson could never have made Mr. Seton's reputation with such work.

The other type of objectionable animal story is a real menace to the reading public. *The Strife of the Sea,* by Mr. T. Jenkins Hains, is a good example; here we have the "heart and mind of a man," as one reviewer has it, in the body of the turtle, and the devil fish. It was bad enough to have our barn-yard fowls' thoughts laid bare before us. There is many a conscientious woman who cannot to-day look her own hens in the eye, knowing that she has robbed a mother heart for the sake of a custard. But our burden becomes too heavy when we have to share the emotion of the penguin, and sob over the sorrows of the ornithorhynchus.

There are such a prodigious lot of animals on the earth, and since Mr. Hains has shown us the mental processes of the cetaceous it is no rash prophet who foretells other story tellers who will write up the entire animal kingdom. Others may even hark back and describe desperate battles of the plesiosaurus in the prehistoric slime. There is nothing to prevent the naturalist from turning to the microscope and telling us what the amœbæ are saying, and suffering.

There remains a thrilling story to be written of the cruel white blood corpuscle madly chasing the fleeing and terror-stricken malaria microbe. In fact, there is no end to what another naturalist may yet do, now that Mr. Hains has led the way into foreign fields. There is already a charming spider book, and the romance of a fly on the window pane, and his thrilling adventure in the milk pitcher, awaits Mr. Seton's pen.

Mary H. Vorse.

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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

By Harry Thurston Peck.

Part II.—TWO YEARS OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

President Cleveland, from the very outset of his administration, was destined to confound the predictions of his political adversaries. The misrepresentations concerning him with which the country had been flooded during the campaign of 1884 had found lodgment in the minds of millions. Now that he was actually in office, a shiver of nervous apprehension ran through those Republicans who honestly believed that a Democratic administration meant ruin and disaster. They had been told that Mr. Cleveland was a man of limited intelligence, of low tastes, and of disreputable associations. Partisan newspapers had prophesied that his Cabinet would be made up of bar-room politicians and old-time party hacks. It was said, for instance, that John Kelly would be made Secretary of the Treasury in return for the support which Tammany Hall had reluctantly given to Mr. Cleveland. Editorial writers let their imaginations run riot in suggesting other like appointments as not only possible but probable. At the North there were many who feared lest the results of the Civil War should be undone and lest the government of the United States should be given into the hands of "rebels." The negroes in the South were told that a Democratic President might seek to re-enslave them. Not a few timorous souls all over the country looked for immediate commercial panic and financial ruin.

In this respect, history was only repeating itself. Just as the Federalists in 1801 had raised the cry that President Jefferson was an atheist, a satyr, a Jacobin, and an enemy to law and to the rights of property, and just as the Whigs in 1829 had thought to alarm the country by describing President Jackson as a gambler, murderer, and border ruffian, so Mr. Cleveland's accession to the Presidency was declared to be the beginning of a political saturnalia. His brief inaugural address, however, surprised those persons who had thought of him as dull and as capable of nothing more than platitude. Not only was it dignified and wholly worthy of the occasion, but it contained more than one passage of grave and almost stately eloquence. The following sentences embody a thought the spirit of which will be found to have animated Mr. Cleveland's whole career of public service. It expresses the ideal principle of genuine democracy.

> But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen—on the farm, in the workshop, in the marts of trade, and everywhere—should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the Government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of freemen is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the State capitals and the national capital, are yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, State,

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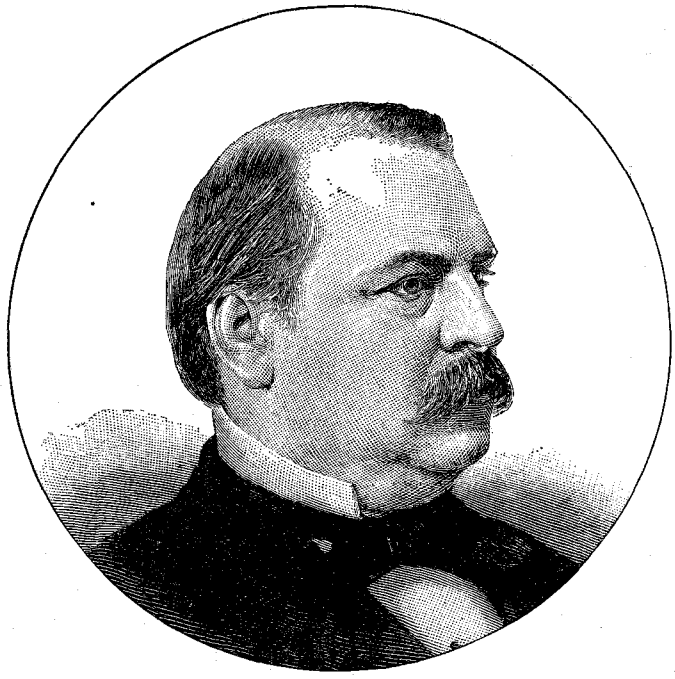
and Federal; and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic.

At the end of the inaugural ceremonies, President Cleveland transmitted to the Senate the names of the men whom he had chosen to constitute his Cabinet. For Secretary of State he had selected Senator Thomas Francis Bayard of Delaware, a courtly gentleman, who bore a name justly famous in American political history, since for five generations some member of the Bayard family had represented the State of Delaware in the national Senate, of which body Mr. Bayard himself had been temporary president in 1881. The new Secretary of War was Mr. William Crowninshield Endicott of Massachusetts, a very Brahmin of the Brahmins, being a descendent of John Endecott, who was one of the six gentlemen to whom the first royal patent for the Massachusetts Bay Territory had been granted in 1628, and who was Colonial Governor in 1630 and 1664, and President of the United Colonies of New England in 1658. Mr. Endicott was a Harvard graduate, a lawyer of ability, and had served for ten years as a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He had taken an active part in political life and was an earnest advocate of reform in the Civil Service. For Secretary of the Navy, the President nominated Mr. William C. Whitney of New York. Mr. Whitney was sprung from old New England stock. Educated at Yale and Harvard, he had engaged in the practice of the law, and in 1871 had done effective work in destroying the Tweed Ring. Mr. Whitney was a man of wealth, an enthusiastic sportsman, possessed of a winning personality, generous, popular, and widely known. He was also a most astute politician and had conducted Mr. Cleveland's campaign in New York with consummate skill. Mr. Daniel Manning, of New York, received the Treasury portfolio, though usage was against giving two Cabinet offices to citizens of the same State. Mr. Manning had been better known as an active party manager than as a financier. He had been Mr. Tilden's trusted lieutenant, and had shown himself to be adroit and full of resource. He was, however, the head of an important bank in Albany, and was soon to prove himself no less able in dealing with large finan-



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST INAUGURATION.

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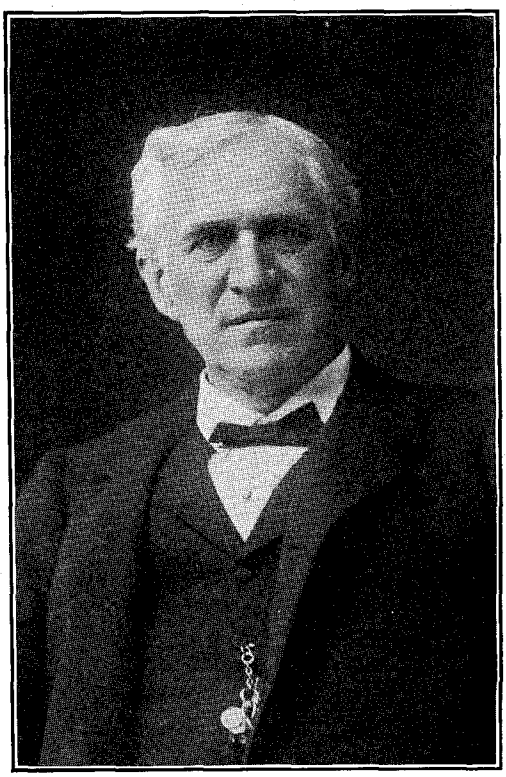
VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS.

cial problems than he had been fertile in political strategy. For Secretary of the Interior, the President named Senator L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi. Senator Lamar had drafted the ordinance of secession at the Mississippi Convention of 1861, and had served in the Confederate army for two years, and as Judge Advocate for a few months. He had, however, accepted the results of the war with frankness and sincerity, and was known to be as liberal-minded and patriotic as he was liked and respected. Senator Lamar had the tastes of a scholar. He was fond of books and philosophical researches, and was an admirable type of the cultivated Southern gentleman. The new Attorney-General was Senator Augustus H. Garland of Arkansas, who had opposed secession in 1861, though subsequently he had been a member of the Confederate Congress, and later, after the war ended, had been Governor of Arkansas. President Cleveland chose for the office of Postmaster-General, Colonel William F. Vilas of Wisconsin, a Union soldier who had fought under Grant at Vicksburg. During the campaign he had served as chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Altogether, the new Cabinet was one against which no reasonable criticism could be brought. More than that, it was a very remarkable body of administrators. For personal distinction it had had few, if any, superiors in the whole history of the government. For ability it had not been equalled since the days of President Lincoln. Those deluded partisans who had expected the new President to surround himself with a group of henchmen, unknown or only too well known, were put to silence. Those who had expected a government of ex-Confederates had naught to say. There was even some significance in the fact that President Cleveland's first official act after making his Cabinet nominations, was to sign the commission of Ulysses S. Grant, restoring that illustrious but now impoverished soldier to the retired list of the army with the rank and pay of General.

Fortune soon gave the President a chance to show that in dealing with the foreign relations of the United States he could act with admirable energy and decision. Only a few days after his in-



THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD OF DELAWARE, SECRETARY OF STATE.

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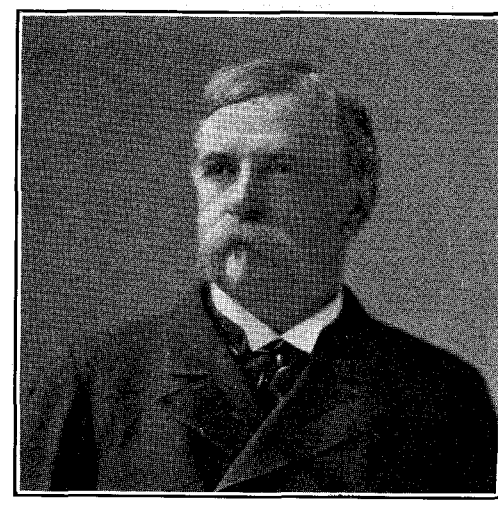
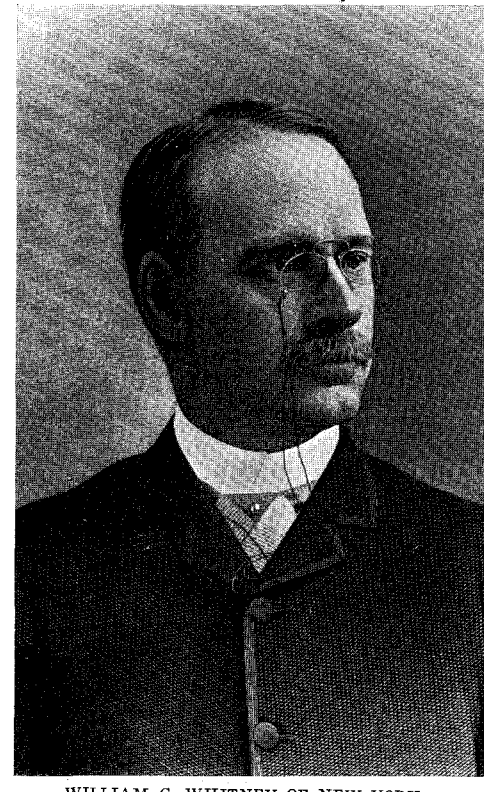
DANIEL MANNING OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



WILLIAM CROWNINSHIELD ENDICOTT OF MASSACHUSETTS,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

L. Q. C. LAMAR OF MISSISSIPPI,
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Four Members of President Cleveland's First Cabinet.

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auguration a revolt broke out upon the Isthmus of Panama, headed by a local incendiary named Pedro Prestan. Prestan raised a motley force, proclaimed a revolutionary government, took the City of Aspinwall (now Colon), levied contributions on the merchants, both native and foreign, and threatened to take possession of the Isthmian railway. Growing bolder, he seized an American steamship, the *Colon,* and imprisoned her officers. When the United States Consul protested, he was thrown into a dungeon (March 31). President Cleveland took instant action. Five vessels of war were ordered to the Isthmus. A strong body of marines, with Gatling guns and a battery of light artillery, were landed; and armed forces of the United States soon held the whole line of the Panama railway. The *Colon* was taken from Prestan under the guns of the cruiser *Galena,* and his prisoners were rescued. The revolt collapsed. Columbian troops retook the city of Aspinwall, and Prestan himself was promptly hanged as a common malefactor. Not long after, the South American republic of Ecuador received a needed lesson. The government of that country had imprisoned one Julio Santos, an American citizen, and had refused either to release him or to bring him to trial. President Arthur's Secretary of State had again and again protested, but in vain. President Cleveland took up the case with a sharp decisiveness which gave the Ecuadorians a shock. A man-of-war, the *Iroquois,* appeared at Guayaquil. A peremptory demand was made; and Mr. Santos was promptly set at liberty.

The country viewed with interest still another manifestation of the administration's capacity for action. In 1882, Congress had passed the so-called Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Bill, aimed against the plural marriages of Mormonism. The enforcement of this law had greatly irritated the leaders of the Mormon Church, who had always secretly regarded Utah as outside the jurisdiction of the nation's laws. Perhaps they now accepted the Republican estimate of President Cleveland, and fancied that he would prove to be a second Buchanan, nerveless and irresolute. At any rate, the Mormons in Salt Lake City began to show a spirit of insolence and insubordination. Armed companies of them were formed and drilled by night. On the Fourth of July the national flag was half-masted in derision by a Mormon officer. Threats were made that all Gentiles were to be forcibly expelled from Salt Lake City in defiance of the national government. If such a *coup* had actually been planned, it was speedily made impossible. By orders from Washington, two batteries of United States artillery and a regiment of infantry were stationed at Fort Douglas, which dominated the city, and in the Military Department, which included Utah, 2000 troops were held in readiness for instant service. Whatever plans for a Mormon outbreak had existed were crushed before they reached a head.

All these circumstances attending the early days of Mr. Cleveland's administration gave the country at large an entirely new conception of the President and of his capacity for government. Moderate Republicans recognised the fact that he well deserved the full measure of their respect. Partisans who had hoped that he would justify the unfavourable pictures which they had diligently painted, were compelled to wait in sullen silence for some future opportunity of censure. The government departments were most efficiently conducted. The country remained as prosperous as ever. The awful panic which had been predicted proved to be only another little fiction of the campaign orators. Moreover, Republicans who had occasion to make the new President's acquaintance came away with nothing but pleasant words for his easy, unaffected and good-humoured ways. It was not many weeks, indeed, before Mr. Blaine himself appeared at the White House, to make a friendly call upon his late opponent. He was received with the greatest courtesy, and the two men chatted pleasantly together in the President's library. One of the unwritten laws of American public life permits a defeated candidate for the Presidency to ask a political favour of his successful competitor, and Mr. Blaine desired to avail himself of this graceful little privilege. He requested the President not to remove from office Mr. Joseph H. Manley, who was postmaster at Augusta, Mr. Blaine's home city. Mr. Manley was an

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old friend and earnest supporter of Mr. Blaine, and the President very cordially granted the request, after which the interview was ended with every evidence of personal good feeling. Some time after, a visiting delegation at the White House was found to include among its members the redoubtable Dr. Burchard himself; and a smothered cheer went up, with not a little laughter, when the alliterative clergyman shook the President's hand and expressed his pleasure at finding him in such good health. Altogether, these days afforded as near an approach to an era of good feeling as Mr. Cleveland ever enjoyed throughout his years of public office. They represented that lull in political warfare which always follows an election in which passion has for the time exhausted itself and kindly feeling has resumed its normal sway. Americans are proverbially the best-natured people in the world; and in the case of a new President, they always feel like giving him a chance to orient himself before the din of party strife begins again.

Few Presidents have ever lived so completely under the microscope as did Mr. Cleveland during his first two years of office. That his countrymen should feel an intense curiosity regarding him was only natural. He had come so suddenly into prominence that at the time of the election he was scarcely known outside of his own State. To millions of those who had voted for him he was only a name and not a definite personality, as was Mr. Blaine, who had been conspicuous in public life for more than twenty years. Again, the very violence of the attacks that had been made upon Mr. Cleveland excited a lively interest in his ways and manners. Finally, he was a Democratic President, and no Democratic President had been seen for a quarter of a century. No wonder, then, that the Washington newspaper correspondents filled their letters with gossip about his goings and comings, his appearance, his opinions, and his daily acts. The slightest scrap of information regarding him was eagerly caught up and told and retold to interested listeners. In this universal curiosity, there was almost no unfriendliness. It was the expression of a very human wish to know just what manner of man it was who had so suddenly and unexpectedly come into the very highest office in the land.

Mr. Cleveland at this time was forty-seven years of age and in the full vigour of life. Somewhat over the middle height, he was powerful of frame, inclined to corpulency, and of a sanguineous temperament. Contrary to the unfriendly descriptions that had been widely circulated, his head was large and well set upon a sturdy neck. A broad forehead projected slightly over a pair of deep-set clear blue eyes. His nose and chin were both indicative of a strong will, as were the firm lines of his mouth, which was partly covered by a drooping blond moustache. His complexion was ruddy with health, his broad shoulders were always vigorously squared, and he looked like one whom no amount of hard, exacting work could daunt. In his movements he was slow and almost sluggish, but the alertness of his mind impressed all who met him. His manner was one of perfect naturalness and simplicity. Now and then, in talking, a humorous gleam came into his eyes, and then one might expect some droll though dry remark, made more effective by the quiet manner of its delivery. His voice was of a tenor quality, not powerful or sonorous, yet one which had a remarkable carrying power, so that in public speaking he could be clearly heard at a considerable distance. Those who made their first acquaintance with him at this time were almost always pleased, and were perhaps surprised to find that they were pleased. One of these visitors, who afterward became a strenuous opponent of the President's policies, wrote of him: "There is more to the President than even his friends are wont to allow; and he gains rather than loses on acquaintance. He has a deal of craft of the wiser and better sort, and needs only a little more training to foot it with the shrewdest of the politicians whom he affects to despise. He is a good listener and a good talker. His most obvious characteristics are straightforwardness and simplicity, both in speech and bearing. He seems to be extraordinarily frank. But to a close observer these appear to be outer aspects merely. He is not a man of confidences or effusions, is uncommonly self-pos-

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sessed and self-contained, and emits on occasion a tough, dry humour, ready, relevant and illustrative."

Mr. Cleveland had a colossal capacity for work. He rose early and was at his desk by nine o'clock. He gave a close personal attention to details, wrote a good part of his correspondence with his own hand, and never spared himself in his endeavour to get at the bottom of every subject which came before him. He took nothing for granted, but delved into reports, documents and letters until he satisfied himself that he had mastered the case, as a lawyer masters a brief. The observer who has just been quoted wrote: "He is a wondrous worker. He has the poor man's love of work and trust in work. He wants to earn his day's wages; and there are some things which a President must do and ought to do which go against the grain, because they seem frivolous, belonging rather to play than to work." A somewhat less friendly critic, a Republican, made some further interesting notes:

Cleveland gets his power from his resoluteness. He is a self-contained, honest man, with strong indignations. He hates a liar and will not let down his attitude of self-respect to please somebody whom he does not like. His intellectual repulsions are decided and irrevocable. The President gives more time to his office than is due to it, and he exacts of the subordinates that they give at least official hours to their tasks. Consequently, the government at present carries less time-killers and triflers than formerly. His greatest happiness he probably derives from his own rough self-assertion and from his luck in reaching high stations in politics without much labour. . . . He comes of a fortunate stock. The old blood of Connecticut is about the best blood for government uses that we possess. Cleveland's personal composition is this old Connecticut basis somewhat flavoured by free living. He belongs to that class of preachers' sons who, for a period of time, fly the track and violate their parents' ethics, yet at bottom have a certain ethical truth, and are slightly harsh with infractions and infractors of rights. He observed that the Germans of Buffalo were, on the whole, about the best citizens, and he was happy sitting on a sanded floor with an old German landlady to refill his glass. Something of Martin Luther, therefore, became involved with the character of Jonathan Trumbull. . . . Nothing that has come from him seems to show that he is an adept in society, or art, or law, or literature. He is a pretty good writer as Presidents go, and makes his points concisely and impressively. Of imagination he seems to have none. But he is a good, stout, rough man-of-all-work who puts the establishment in running order and is good as a watch-dog at the gate.

The domestic side of the White House was directed by the President's sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, whose personality interested the country almost as much as that of the President himself. Miss Cleveland was then a lady of some thirty-nine years of age, who had been a teacher and a public lecturer on literary subjects. She was a type of the *intellectuelle,* very carefully educated, very widely read, and a good deal of a personage in her way. She wore her hair cropped like a man's and had a touch of masculine decision of manner. During her stay at the White House, she published a volume of criticism entitled *George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies,* that had a good deal of vogue, which it deserved on its own merits, for

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND IN 1885.

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it was written in a crisp, nervous style and showed a good deal of intellectual acuteness.* Miss Cleveland did the social honours of the White House in a very satisfactory way, though her own tastes and ambitions were not social. She talked well, and very much as she wrote. In fact, her conversation must have seemed rather unusual to many of those who heard it, for it was decidedly allusive and was interspersed with classical quotations that were probably Greek indeed to the politicians who attended the President's receptions with their families. One can imagine with what feelings a group of typical Congressmen's wives would hear Miss Cleveland casually remark: "I wish that I could observe Washington life in its political phase; but I suppose I am too near the centre to get an accurate perspective on that. Those who live on Mount Athos do not see Mount Athos."

The first annoyance which the President was forced to suffer came not from his political opponents, but from his own party. The Democrats, no less than the Republicans, had found many of their expectations unfulfilled. There were two reasons for this, with one of which the President had nothing whatsoever to do. Ever since the disputed election of 1876, a sinister belief had taken a firm hold upon the masses of the party. The desperation with which, in the year just named, the Republicans had fought to keep the Presidency in their hands had inspired a suspicion that something more than the mere spoils of office was at stake. Men then said that there were secrets which, if known, would show a frightful condition of affairs in the great departments of the government, and especially in connection with the Treasury. It was whispered that the Republican party stood ready to initiate even a civil war rather than allow a Democratic President to be seated, with the power of bringing to light a mass of infamous transactions by which untold millions had been stolen. One of the documents most widely circulated by the Democrats in the Blaine-Cleveland contest was a pamphlet bearing on its cover in huge letters the words, **"OPEN THE BOOKS!"** It charged that the financial records of the government had been falsified; that in the ledgers of the Registrar of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury more than 2500 erasures and alterations had been fraudulently made, and that the official reports for two years alone (1870 and 1871) showed a discrepancy amounting to nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. A list of alleged defalcations was appended —naming specifically the Pension Office, the Navy Department, the Post Office Department and the Treasury. These charges were in part supported by extracts from testimony taken by investigating committees of the House of Representatives in 1878, and by the citation of official letters and reports. Mr. Hendricks, on July 12, 1884, addressing a large gathering in Indianapolis, had said with significant emphasis: "We want to have the books in the government offices opened for examination."

Among the ignorant, stories still more extraordinary were rife. The Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880 had been marked by a lavish use of money on the part of the Republicans, especially in Indiana. This money had, for the most part, come from the employés of the government departments, who had practically been forced to contribute through fear of dismissal. But the rumour spread that the great sums spent in the purchase of venal voters had in reality come out of

*The book went through twelve editions within a year, and Miss Cleveland is said to have received more than $25,000 in royalties. An English reviewer in the London *Times* wrote of it is follows:

"Miss Cleveland is far from being a deep and subtle thinker, but her sketches prove that she possesses the love of letters and history as well as an average power of expressing her views thereon. If there is now and then a feminine positiveness in her judgments we must condone it on the ground of her enthusiasm. The essays furnish pleasant reading enough, but scarcely anything more. Miss Cleveland is extremely fond of quotations from the poets, but that is no reason why, in a comparatively small volume, a quotation from Longfellow should appear three times, with a serious difference between two of the versions. The inaccuracy of one passage quoted from Shakespeare is almost heartrending. The author gives it as follows: 'All the world's a stage, *and men and women are the actors.*' As though Shakespeare could have written the halting and unpoetical phrase printed in italics! There are several fairly interesting historical essays—studies in the Middle Ages—but Miss Cleveland's style is not one which will be appreciated by everybody."

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the United States Treasury. There were men who declared that the government printing-presses had, in 1880, been run all night, printing off sheets of treasury-notes of low denominations, and that the paper money thus fraudulently and secretly made had been turned over to the Republican Campaign Committee. It is odd that so absurd a tale should have been told, and still more strange that thousands should have implicitly believed it. But the fact serves to indicate how thoroughly convinced were the masses of the Democratic Party that the new administration would at once unearth evidence of stupendous crimes committed during the long Republican régime.

Of course, in this they were speedily undeceived. No one who really understands the manner in which the government is conducted could ever credit such impossible charges. The party in power does not try to conceal its public acts from the leaders of the Opposition; and, in fact, the committees of Congress, made up of members of both parties, are thoroughly informed of whatever happens. Indeed, the old and experienced party leaders in both House and Senate work harmoniously enough together in matters of administrative details. They battle fiercely in view of the galleries, but in the committee-rooms they arrange matters with an eye to the general needs of the public service, and with the sensible purpose of seeing the government properly carried on. Whenever a zealous but inexperienced young member tries to make a stir upon his own account, and to attack those measures which have been arranged by his seniors, he is quietly suppressed by the chiefs of his own party, and the business of the government goes on unvexed.

And therefore, naturally enough, the so-called discrepancies in the Treasury reports were found to be due simply to varying modes of book-keeping; the awful revelations that had been looked for were never made; and with a single exception, there was no real ground for an attack upon the manner in which the Republicans had discharged their trust. Even the figures published by the Democrats themselves showed that the public service had been steadily improving in honesty and efficiency for many years. Thus, during the first term of President Grant (1869-1873), when the loose and careless methods of the Civil War still partially prevailed, the government had lost by defalcation and in other irregular ways the sum of $8,875,483. During his second term (1873-1877), however, this loss showed a diminution of nearly 50 per cent., being $4,547,247. Under President Hayes (1877-1881) the amount had fallen to $1,775,996, and under Presidents Garfield and Arthur (1881-1885), to $1,569,733. The Democrats found nothing here to justify their dark suspicions and thus provide them with weapons for party use.

One department alone had been disgracefully mismanaged, though of the fact the whole nation had long been unpleasantly aware. This was the Navy Department. Under President Grant, the Secretary of the Navy, from 1869 to 1877, had been the notorious George M. Robeson of New Jersey, a man whose inefficiency and gross neglect—to use no harsher term—had practically destroyed the fleets which at the close of the Civil War had been the most formidable in the world. Robeson had spent millions upon what he called "repairs"—these repairs sometimes costing more than the original value of the ships repaired, and even then serving only to perpetuate a type of vessel which had become obsolete and worthless in the face of naval progress in other countries. Secretary Whitney's first report summed the matter up with terse impressiveness:

> The country has expended since July 1, 1868—more than three years subsequent to the close of the late Civil War—over $75,000,000 of money on the construction, repair, equipment, and ordnance of vessels, which sum, with a very slight exception, has been substantially thrown away; the exception being a few ships now in process of construction. I do not overlook the sloops constructed in 1874, and costing $3,000,000 or $4,000,000, and to avoid discussion they may be excepted also. The fact still remains that for about seventy of the seventy-five millions of dollars which have been expended by the Department for the creation of a navy, we have practically nothing to show. It is questionable whether we have a single naval vessel finished and afloat at the present time that could be trusted to encounter the ships of any important Power—a single vessel

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that has either the necessary armour for protection, speed for escape, or weapons for defence.

This, however, was an old scandal and related more especially to the days when Grant was President. The Arthur régime had instituted a better order of things, and, therefore, political capital was not to be found in the condition of the Navy.

The really serious grievance which many Democrats began to entertain arose from President Cleveland's position regarding the distribution of the public offices. At the time of his inauguration there were 52,609 ordinary postmasterships, 2379 so-called "presidential" postmasterships, 111 collectorships of customs, 224 places in the local land-offices, and 34 important diplomatic posts, besides scores of appraiserships, Indian agencies, pension agencies, territorial governorships and judgeships, positions in the revenue service, surveyorships, and superintendencies, many having attached to them a certain amount of petty patronage. Almost every one of these offices, some 110,000 in all, was occupied by a Republican. To secure them and to enjoy their emoluments was the hope of thousands upon thousands of Democratic party "workers," who now swarmed like locusts in the streets of Washington and besieged the governmental bureaus and the portals of the White House. Even when a Republican President had succeeded one of his own party, an invasion of office-seekers had always followed. New Congressmen always demanded changes in their districts, members of the President's own faction always asked for removals and new appointments, party rivals had always to be propitiated. But if this had been true in the case of an ordinary change of administration, it can be imagined how enormous was the pressure for recognition now that not only had the administration been changed, but that a party which had been out of power for a quarter of a century had resumed control. President Cleveland, in fact, was in the same position as that occupied by Mr. Lincoln in 1861, when a critical observer, after visiting Washington, thus wrote home: "The nation is going to pieces, States are seceding, utter ruin is at hand, and here is Lincoln thinking of nothing except who shall be appointed postmaster in some little town or gauger in some little port."

Every successive President had felt the annoyance of a system such as this, and would have been infinitely relieved could the burden of it have been lightened. A practical remedy was to institute such a reform in the appointment system as to protect the President from incessant importunity. In 1867, a report had been made to the House of Representatives* recommending that a large class of appointments should be regarded as non-political and should be made upon the basis of competitive examinations and with fixity of tenure on condition of meritorious service. In 1871, Congress authorised the President to appoint a Civil Service Commission and to approve such rules as it might make for admission to government employ. This measure had the approval of President Grant, who appointed the first Commission, of which George William Curtis was Chairman. But public sentiment, or at any rate party sentiment, was not yet ripe for a reform like this. All the influential party leaders on both sides despised it, and it was contemptuously spoken of as "snivel-service reform." From 1872 to 1875, the rules made by the first Commission remained in force; but President Grant could not withstand the pressure brought to bear upon him; and so, somewhat reluctantly, he suspended their operation. The assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed office-seeker brought the question once more sharply to the front. In 1883, both houses of Congress enacted a law, usually known as the Pendleton Law,† which thoroughly satisfied the civil service reformers. This empowered the President to prescribe by executive order what classes of the public service should come under the operation of the merit system as framed by a new Civil Service Commission. Under President Arthur, some 14,000 government employés were brought within the so-called classified service.

Mr. Cleveland was thoroughly in sympathy with the principle of this reform.

*By Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island.

†From Senator George H. Pendleton of Ohio, a Democrat, who introduced it in the Senate.

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In his letter of acceptance (August 19, 1884) he had said:

The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service.

This and other like declarations had done much to attract independent voters to Mr. Cleveland's side. After his election and before his inauguration, a number of these Independents addressed to him a letter asking his intentions with regard to Civil Service Reform. Replying to their letter (December 20, 1884), Mr. Cleveland wrote some very significant sentences, in which may be found the explanation of his subsequent course. They give evidence that he had already formulated very carefully a definite policy. After reiterating his former promise to uphold the Civil Service Law, he went on to say:

I regard myself pledged to this because my conception of true Democratic faith and public duty requires that this and all other statutes should be, in good faith and without evasion, enforced, and because, in many utterances made prior to my election as President, approved by the party to which I belong and which I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done.

Another paragraph shows that he did not underrate the difficulty of carrying out his pledge.

I am not unmindful of the fact to which you refer that many of our citizens fear that the recent party change in the national Executive may demonstrate that the abuses which have grown up in the Civil Service are ineradicable. I know that they are deeply rooted, and that the spoils system has been supposed to be intimately related to success in the maintenance of party organisation; and I am not sure that all those who profess to be the friends of this reform will stand firmly among its advocates when they find it obstructing their way to patronage and place.

A very important sentence, in the light of what afterward happened, is the following:

There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power; but many men holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management.

One sentence was obviously meant for Democratic perusal:

While Democrats may expect a proper consideration, selections for office not embraced within the Civil Service rules will be based upon sufficient inquiry as to fitness, rather than upon persistent importunity or self-solicited recommendations on behalf of candidates for appointment.

One may add to these utterances a passage from a letter of his (September 11, 1885) to Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, a distinguished civil service reformer:

A reasonable toleration for old prejudices, a graceful recognition of every aid, a sensible utilisation of every instrumentality that promises assistance, and a constant effort to demonstrate the advantages of the new order of things, are the means by which this reform movement will in the future be further advanced.

By putting all these statements together, President Cleveland's policy in regard to appointments was clear enough for any one to understand. In the first place, he did not intend to reform the Civil Service over night, as some of the Independent doctrinaires expected him to do. In the second place, he did not intend to sweep all Republicans out of office before the expiration of their terms and without regard to the merit of the service which they had rendered. What he did mean to do was gradually to extend the operation of the Civil Service rules, and in the meantime, in filling vacancies with Democrats, to exact from them a reasonable standard of character and efficiency. This was a very sensible and very practical programme. It was certain, however, to subject him to a

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three-cornered attack—first, from the advanced reformers, who were impatient of all delay; second, from the Democrats who had expected immediately to monopolise all the offices in the President's gift, and third, from his Republican adversaries, who were bound to find fault with him, whatever he might do.

Mr. Cleveland had a vigorous contempt for professional office-seekers, and he had no mind to be subjected to their importunities. When approached by them he could make himself extremely disagreeable. He had two separate and distinct manners of showing his displeasure, either one of which was quite effectual. At times he would become absolutely glacial. At other times his face would flush and he would pound the table with his clenched fist and give voice, with vigorous expletives, to an expression of his inflexible purpose. Some of his visitors who came on political errands found him anything but tractable. A somewhat rueful anecdote, ascribed to Mr. Henry Watterson,* may be cited as wholly characteristic of both men:

> We chatted and joked and laughed and were on terms of the most agreeable comradeship. I don't know what the President thought of me, but I marked him in my mental tablet as a splendid companion and a very jolly good fellow. After an hour pleasantly spent in the personal enjoyment of each other, and when the laughter had subsided that followed a story by the President, I thought it would be a good time to mention a little matter in which I felt interested. As soon as I began the recital, I could see the process of congelation; and before I had half finished my story, the President was a monumental icicle. I became so thoroughly chilled that I broke off, took up my hat and said, "Good night, Mr. President." That's the kind of a good fellow Cleveland is.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, the poet, also had a little interview with the President, of which he subsequently published an account in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean:*

> Here is my first interview, which I dotted down a few minutes after: "Mr. President, I—I—I want Captain Hoxie to be returned to Washington so as to complete our waterworks." "Captain Hoxie," answered the President instantly, "is subject to the orders of the Secretary of War"—and he looked at me as if to say, "And you know it." Yes, I knew I had come to the wrong place and was boring the President and bothering for nothing, much as I had the matter at heart. So I gave up that subject and started on another equally important. "Mr. President, one thing more. I hear you are going to remove Commissioner Edmunds, the head of our Commissioners for Washington, and I—I——" The President looked hard at me and said promptly: "You have heard that! Well, I have not heard of it, and as I will have to hear of it before he is removed, you can rest easy on that score for the present." By this time I felt that I had not the slightest business with the President, and so fell in with the band of shorn sheep that was passing on and out of the corral by another door.

Naturally, the expectant Democrats could not all at once believe that Mr. Cleveland really meant to carry out his pledges. The cynical assumption that political promises are made only to be broken, and that Jove laughs at statesmen's vows no less good-naturedly than at those of lovers, was firmly fixed in all their minds. Of course, the President had a little fad in the matter of the Civil Service. Of course, he really meant what he had said. But equally, of course, he would give way and thus make things more easy for himself. All other Presidents had done so. It was only a question of bringing enough pressure to bear upon him. And so thousands of place-hunters lingered in Washington, wasting their time, and depleting their resources, while they waited for the necessary "pressure" to be applied. But as the weeks slipped away, it gradually dawned upon them that here was a President who could not be coaxed or driven or coerced. His Cabinet officers were beset by Congressmen and local leaders from all over the country; but they were just as helpless as the rest. The one great hope of the famished Democrats rested in Vice-President Hendricks. He was a Western politician of the older type—a thorough partisan, narrow, intense, not squeamish about reforms, but a firm believer in Marcy's doctrine that in politics, as in war, the spoils belong of right to the victorious. Urged on by the almost frantic appeals that were made to him each hour of the day, Mr. Hen-

*Philadelphia *Ledger.*

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dricks had a protracted interview with the President. Just what took place between them no one knows; but Mr. Hendricks came away with a long face; and the word was quickly passed that even he had failed.

All this soon placed the President in a new light before the country. It is rather remarkable that the lesson of his firmness while Governor of New York had made no real impression elsewhere. After his election to the Presidency and before he entered upon the duties of his office, speculation had been rife as to who would really "run" the new administration. A writer whose identity was kept a secret, but who had aspirations to be a second Junius, had addressed to the President-elect a series of very bitter letters which were afterward collected and published in a book.* These letters are very curious reading now; for they show how little Mr. Cleveland's character was understood at the time when they were written. They take it for granted that the President will be "a pigmy among giants." "It must move the heart of your most malevolent enemy to note with what a beggarly stock in trade you will open business in the White House." "You know that you have nothing to expect after the term which will so soon begin. You would like to float through its four years, softly and easily." "You are well aware that in your political career, you have been a pawn in the hands of stronger men." This is only what many persons had thought; but Mr. Cleveland had not been in office a week before his absolute mastery began to be understood. After his first Cabinet meeting had adjourned, a leading politician asked one of the Secretaries:

"Well, who is really running things?" To which the reply was made with a significant shrug:

"Where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table. You may be sure of that!"

It was, in fact, the same in Washington as it had been in Albany. There was no divided responsibility, no kitchen cabinet. Whatever blame and whatever praise the administration might receive, the President was entitled to them both. Mr. Watterson wrote of him at this time: "We have at this moment as personal a government as we had under Grant."

That Mr. Cleveland had some of the defects of his qualities began also to appear. It was not sufficient for him to exercise the power which he had. He seemed almost morbidly desirous of impressing on every one the fact that he alone was exercising it. Because it had been said that he would be a puppet, he thought it necessary to deal inconsiderately with those who were supposed to manage him. In this there was at times a touch of quite unnecessary arrogance. Thus, because Vice-President Hendricks had been credited with ability superior to the President's, Mr. Cleveland was never cordial to him. Because Secretary Manning was one of the men who had helped to make Mr. Cleveland both Governor and President, he found a personal enemy of his appointed postmaster in his home city of Albany. Mr. Tilden, who might have had the nomination in 1884 had he not declined it in advance, wrote to the President and asked for the appointment of Mr. Smith M. Weed as Collector for the Port of New York. He was met with a flat refusal. Mr. Cleveland's enemies called this sort of thing a jealousy of greater men; a fairer judgment would call it a jealousy of his own independence. But in any case, it caused bad feeling and added to the dissatisfaction excited by his failure to appoint more Democrats to office. Party discontent became outspoken. Men recalled the saying of John Kelly to Mr. Hendricks: "Cleveland is no Democrat. If he is elected, he will prove a traitor to his party." Mr. Hendricks himself observed: "I had hoped that Mr. Cleveland would put the Democratic party into power in fact as well as in name." Senator Vance of North Carolina declared: "The President is not of my school of Democracy. We differ as widely as it is possible for two persons belonging to the same political party to differ." Senator Pugh, of Alabama, denounced the President's course in terms both metaphorical and profane. The newspapers, especially in the South and West, began openly to attack the President. Some of them advocated reading him out of the party altogether. "Brand President Cleveland traitor and kick him out of the party!"

*A Man of Destiny. By Siva. (Chicago, 1885.)

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cried an Alabama editor. The rage of the disappointed office-hunters even found expression in verse. One hitherto mute, inglorious poet of the West got a wide hearing through some lines whose sincerity of feeling was more obvious than their elegance of diction:

A Democrat fool who serves as a tool
The men of his party to beat,
Deserves to be thrashed and have his head mashed,
And kicked out into the street.

'Tis better to vote for some billy goat,
That butts for his corn and his hay,
Than to vote for a man that has not the sand
To stand by his party a day!

Of course it was inevitable that the President should have many offices to fill. The terms of thousands of Republican incumbents ended and their places were given to Democratic successors. Other Republicans were summarily removed, presumably because, in Mr. Cleveland's famous phrases, they had shown themselves to be "offensive partisans" and guilty of "pernicious activity" while holding public office. Within a year, some 8000 fourth-class postmasterships had been allotted to Democrats. Yet these changes seemed infrequent and slow to the army of those whom Mr. Curtis had styled "a hungry horde." The President, perhaps, moved a little more cautiously than he would otherwise have done had he not discovered that in many instances his confidence had been abused. Members of Congress in whose judgment he had trusted had induced him to appoint men who soon turned out to be utterly unfit. Some of them had most unsavoury records. A few had even worn prison stripes. This was the sort of thing which a President of Mr. Cleveland's temper could not forgive, and he became suspicious of all persons who urged the claims of friends. Toward those who had deceived him, his attitude became brusque to a degree. A certain Senator on one occasion came to him to complain about his policy.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the President, interrupting him.

"Why, Mr. President, I should like to see you move more expeditiously in advancing the principles of the Democracy."

"Ah," said the President, with a flash of the eye, "I suppose you mean that I should appoint two horse-thieves a day instead of one."

The extreme advocates of civil service reform, on the other hand, complained because so many changes had been made. One act of the Executive exasperated them beyond all measure. This was the designation of Mr. Eugene Higgins of Maryland to be Appointment Clerk in the Treasury Department. Mr. Higgins was the *bête noire* of all reformers. He was a protégé of Senator Gorman, and was known to be a spoilsman of the purest water. A Maryland Civil Service Association at once protested in vigorous terms against his appointment and asked for his immediate removal. This protest was taken up by the Independents all over the country, and Mr. Higgins was denounced in terms of extravagant abuse. It was said that this one act of Mr. Cleveland's had destroyed all confidence in his professions. He was declared to have broken his pledges, to have betrayed the cause of civil service reform, and to have gone over wholly to the enemy. Mr. Higgins, however, was not removed, and the clamour of the Mugwumps continued unabated.

Meanwhile, the Republicans had remained quiescent. It amused them to see the new President so roundly berated by his own supporters. The Republican party leaders were biding their time, and were making a very careful study of the man whom they were presently to confront. Looking over the situation, the shrewdest of them thought it best to let things take their course. It seemed good policy for them not to play an obstructive part when Congress should assemble. They decided that a resort to promiscuous filibustering would prove in the end unpopular with the country. They were confident, however, that in time the President would make some serious mistake of which they might take immediate advantage. When Congress met in December the watchword was passed along the Republican ranks: "Just wait a while and then put Cleveland in a hole!"

A fortnight or so before the opening of the session the Vice-President, Mr. Hendricks, died at Indianapolis.* As Congress was not in session, and as, in

*November 25, 1885.

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consequence, there was no President of the Senate, there existed no constitutional successor to the presidency should Mr. Cleveland die during the interval before Congress met. In consequence, he felt that he ought not to take the long journey necessary to attend the funeral at Indianapolis. Malicious persons saw in his absence on that occasion a confirmation of his unfriendliness toward the deceased Vice-President; but the country in general commended his refusal to run even the slightest risk of bringing about a condition which would leave the government without a head.

President Cleveland's first message to Congress was a long and carefully written document, which was received with general approval, both in this country and abroad. The recommendations which attracted most attention had to do with (1) the development of the Navy, which in its existing condition Mr. Cleveland characterised as merely "a shabby ornament to the Government"; (2) a reform of the land laws, which should prevent immense tracts of territory from being acquired by single individuals or great corporations; (3) a reduction of tariff duties upon "the imported necessaries of life"; and (4) an extension of the reform of the Civil Service. In making this last recommendation, however, there were a few lines intended as a rebuke for some of the President's over-zealous critics. He wrote:

> Civil service reform does not . . . require that those who in subordinate positions should fail in yielding their best service, or who are incompetent, should be retained simply because they are in place. The whining of a clerk discharged for indolence or incompetency, who, though he gained his place by the worst possible operation of the spoils system, suddenly discovers that he is entitled to protection under the sanction of civil service reform, represents an ideal no less absurd than the clamour of the applicant who claims the vacant position as his compensation for the most questionable party work.

But there was something else in the message which, though it attracted little general attention at the time, possessed, in view of what happened in succeeding years, an extraordinary significance. More than five pages of the message were devoted to the question of silver. By the so-called Bland-Allison Bill, passed in February, 1878, it had been provided that the coinage of the silver dollar of 412½ grains should be resumed. This dollar was also made a legal tender for public and private debts, and a provision directed its compulsory coinage at the rate of not less than $2,000,000 or more than $4,000,000 per month. The Bland-Allison Bill was passed by a Democratic House and a Republican Senate. President Hayes vetoed it, and it was at once passed over his veto by heavy majorities, and thus became enacted into law. Among those who were active in supporting this measure, was an Ohio Congressman named William McKinley, who not only voted for the bill on its first passage in the House, but also voted to make it law despite the veto of a President of his own party. The message which Mr. Cleveland now sent to Congress asked earnest attention to the working of this law. He pointed out that silver had steadily fallen in intrinsic value; that a so-called bi-metallic conference with European nations, for the purpose of establishing internationally a common ratio between gold and silver, had failed; and that if the coinage of silver should be continued under the Bland Act the hoarding of gold would presently begin. The following sentences from this portion of the message are well worth recalling:

> The desire to utilise the silver product of the country should not lead to a misuse or the perversion of this power. . . . Up to the present time only about 50,000,000 of the silver dollars so coined have actually found their way into circulation, leaving more than 165,000,000 in the possession of the Government. . . . Every month, two millions of gold in the public Treasury are paid out for two millions or more of silver dollars to be added to the idle mass already accumulated. If continued long enough, this operation will result in the substitution of silver for all the gold the Government owns applicable to its general purposes. . . . The nearer the period approaches when it [the Government] will be obliged to offer silver in payment of its obligations, the greater inducement there will be to hoard gold against depreciation in the value of silver or for the purpose of speculating. This hoarding of gold has already begun. When

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the time comes that gold has been withdrawn from circulation, then will be apparent the difference betwen the real value of the silver dollar and a dollar in gold, and the two coins will part company. Gold . . . will be at a premium over silver; banks which have substituted gold for the deposits of their customers may pay them with silver bought with such gold, thus making a handsome profit; rich speculators will sell their hoarded gold to their neighbours who need it to liquidate their foreign debts, at a ruinous premium over silver, and the labouring men and women of the land, most defenceless of all, will find that the dollar received for the wage of their toil has sadly shrunk in its purchasing power.

Mr. Cleveland quoted the words uttered by Daniel Webster in the Senate in 1834:

The very man of all others who has the deepest interest in a sound currency and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil.

He then proceeded to recommend that the compulsory coinage of silver dollars directed by the Bland Act be suspended.

These striking sentences received but scant attention at the time. Far greater interest was felt in the possibility of a conflict between the Democratic President and the Republican Senate.

The Senate, which now elected Senator John Sherman to be President *pro tempore,* had a Republican majority of 6. The House was Democratic by a majority of 42. With this division of power, it was obvious that no party measures pure and simple could be enacted. The field, therefore, was left clear for party skirmishing. It was not long before the Republican majority in the Senate made its first move toward "putting Cleveland in a hole." As has already been explained, the President had removed or suspended a number of Republican officials, and had appointed Democrats in their stead. In so doing, he had not made public his reasons for removal or suspension, other than in the general statement that this action was for the good of the public service. The Republican Senators sought now to bring him to an explicit and detailed accounting. Whether he refused or whether he acceded to their wish, they hoped to have it appear that he had removed Republicans solely from partisan motives. In this way his professed regard for civil service reform would be discredited; his Independent supporters would be estranged; and the President himself would appear somewhat in the light of a hypocrite.

The case of Mr. George M. Duskin was selected as a suitable one upon which to make the fight. Mr. Duskin had been United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama. On July 17th, he had been suspended by Executive order and Mr. John D. Burnett had been designated to perform the duties of the office in Duskin's place. When Congress met, the President nominated Mr. Burnett for appointment as Duskin's successor. The Senate passed a resolution requiring the Attorney-General to send to it all the papers relating to Mr. Duskin's suspension. The Attorney-General, by order of the President, informed the Senate that it was not considered that the public interests would be promoted by so transmitting these papers and other documents. Thereupon the Judiciary Committee of the Senate passed a resolution censuring the Attorney-General and, by inference, the President. It was evidently intended to make a formal demand upon the President himself for these papers. Senators of the United States have an exalted opinion of their own dignity. They are fond of calling the body to which they belong "the most august deliberative body in the world." They claimed, moreover, in 1886, that inasmuch as their assent was required to confirm the appointment of certain officers, these officers were not subject to removal by the President without the permission of the Senate. This claim was based upon the so-called Tenure of Office Act, passed in 1867 during the conflict between Congress and President Johnson. To be sure, the stringent features of this act had been stricken out in 1869, when Grant became President. Nevertheless, the Senate felt that, between its own overpowering greatness and its somewhat tenuous legal right, it could overawe a new and inexperienced President. Mr. Cleveland, however, did not wait for the issue to be fully joined between the Executive and

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the Senate. Like a good general, he attacked boldly, before his opponents had fully matured their plans. On March 1, 1886, he sent a message to the Senate in which he took high ground. "It is by no means conceded," wrote he, "that the Senate has the right in any case to review the act of the Executive in removing or suspending a public officer." Then he declared that the Attorney-General had acted solely under Executive direction. He said that the papers relating to the Duskin case were not public documents.

> I regard the papers and documents withheld and addressed to me or intended for my use and action, purely unofficial and private . . . and having reference to the performance of a duty exclusively mine. . . . If I desired to take them into my custody I might do so with entire propriety, and if I saw fit to destroy them no one could complain.
>
> The requests and demands which by the score have for nearly three months been presented to the different Departments of the government, whatever may be their form, have but one complexion. They assume the right of the Senate to sit in judgment upon the exercise of my exclusive discretion and Executive function, for which I am solely responsible to the people from whom I have so lately received the sacred trust of office. My oath to support and defend the Constitution, my duty to the people who have chosen me to execute the powers of their great office and not to relinquish them, and my duty to the Chief Magistracy, which I must preserve unimpaired in all its dignity and vigour, compel me to refuse compliance with these demands.

The message ended with the following haughty sentence:

> Neither the discontent of party friends, nor the allurements constantly offered of confirmations of appointees conditioned upon the avowal that suspensions have been made on party grounds alone, nor the threat proposed in the resolutions now before the Senate that no confirmations will be made unless the demands of that body be complied with, are sufficient to discourage or deter me from following in the way which I am convinced leads to better government for the people.

The boldness and vigour with which the President thus asserted his prerogative, astounded the Republican Senators. They found themselves in the very "hole" into which they had gleefully expected to put Mr. Cleveland. Just what to do they did not know. They had no means of coercing the President of the United States; and his calm indifference to the senatorial dignity was as unpleasant as it was novel in their experience. They argued and debated; but finally, in a sheepish, shamefaced way, they came to the conclusion that nothing whatsoever could be done but swallow the medicine which the President had administered. One of their number, however, took an oratorical revenge. This was Senator Ingalls of Kansas. Mr. Ingalls was a very brilliant, fluent speaker, possessing a voluminous vocabulary of bitterness. A tall, thin, cynical-looking man, with a power of emitting words which scorched like drops of vitriol, he never failed to command the attention of his colleagues and of the public. He let it be known that he was about to scarify the Administration with regard to its pretensions to reform. When Senator Ingalls arose in his place on March 28th, both the floor of the Senate and the galleries were crowded. Speaking slowly, in order that every shaft might surely find its mark, he delivered an address which was a masterpiece of studied malice. First of all, he spoke of the attitude of his own party:

> They believe and I believe that for the past quarter of a century upon every vital issue before the American people, secession, slavery, coercion, the public credit, honest elections, universal freedom, and the protection of American labour, they have always been right and that their opponents have always been wrong; and, while they concede unreservedly patriotism and sincerity to their adversaries, temporary repulse has not convinced them that they were in error. There is neither defection nor dismay in their columns. They are ready, they are impatient to renew the battle. Animated by such impulses, it is not singular that they should feel that no Republican can hold an appointive office under a Democratic Administration without either sacrificing his convictions or forfeiting his self-respect.
>
> Accordingly, sir, when a little more than a year ago a Democratic Administration was inaugurated, those who were in public station began with one consent to make excuse to retire to private life. They did not stand upon the order of their going; they trampled upon

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each other in a tumultuous and somewhat indecent haste to get out of office. There was no craven cry for mercy; no mercenary camp-follower fled for shelter to the bomb-proofs of the Tenure of Office Act; no sutler crawled behind the fragile breastworks of civil service reform for protection. They lost their baggage, but they retained their colours, their arms, their ammunition, and their camp equipage, and marched off the field with the honours of war. If at the expiration of one year a few yet remain in office, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto,* it is because the victors have been unable to agree among themselves or been unable to discover among their own numbers competent and qualified successors.

Speaking of the President, he said:

Sir, I am not disposed to impugn the good faith, the patriotism, the sincerity, the many unusual traits and faculties of the President of the United States. He is the sphinx of American politics. It is said that he is a fatalist; that he regards himself as the child of fate—the man of destiny, and that he places devout and implicit reliance upon the guiding influence of his "star." Certainly, whether he be a very great man or a very small man, he is a very extraordinary man. His career forbids any other conclusion.

Then he paid his respects to the advocates of reform. In his sentences were concentrated all the hatred and contempt which the vindictive partisan feels for all who exercise an independent judgment in politics:

Mr. President, the neuter gender is not popular either in nature or society. "Male and female created He them." But there is a third sex, if that sex can be called which sex has none, resulting sometimes from a cruel caprice of nature, at others from accident or malevolent design, possessing the vices of both and the virtues of neither; effeminate without being masculine or feminine; unable either to beget or to bear; possessing neither fecundity nor virility; endowed with the contempt of men and the derision of women, and doomed to sterility, isolation, and extinction. But they have two recognised functions. They sing falsetto, and they are usually selected as the guardians of the seraglios of Oriental despots.

Geology teaches us that in the process of being, upward from the protoplasmic cell, through one form of existence to another, there are intermediary and connecting stages, in which the creature bears some resemblance to the state from which it has emerged and some to the state to which he is proceeding. History is stratified politics; every stratum is fossiliferous; and I am inclined to think that the political geologist of the future in his antiquarian researches between the triassic series of 1880 and the cretaceous series of 1888, as he inspects the jurassic Democratic strata of 1884, will find some curious illustrations of the doctrine of political evolution.

In the transition from the fish to the bird there is an anomalous animal, long since extinct, named by the geologist the pterodactyl, or the winged reptile, a lizard with feathers upon its paws and plumes upon its tail. A political system which illustrates in its practical operations the appointment by the same administration of Eugene Higgins and Dorman B. Eaton can properly be regarded as in the transition epoch and characterised as the pterodactyl of politics. It is, like that animal, equally adapted to waddling and dabbling in the slime and mud of partisan politics, and soaring aloft with discordant cries into the glittering and opalescent empyrean of civil service reform.*

A sufficient answer to the gibes of Mr. Ingalls was given a few days later by the organisation of the new Civil Service Commission which, aided by the President in every way, now entered upon its work. A definite plan for promotion was perfected. Rigorous investigations were conducted, and these unearthed many violations of the law. A Republican was appointed chief examiner. The bitter discussion in the Senate had served to rivet public attention upon this important question, and the sentiment in favour of reform was strengthened and extended every day.

Much feeling was excited in the spring of 1886 by the President's attitude toward private pension bills. That the military pension system had been grossly abused was perfectly well known to every one. Neither party, however, possessed the courage to exterminate these abuses. The Republicans had always officially posed as the friends of the veteran. The Democrats knew that if they took unfavourable action upon pension bills they would be accused of disloyalty and of hatred to the soldiers of the Union. The result was that disbursements for pensions had increased

**Congressional Record,* March 28th.

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with startling rapidity. Thus, in 1866, the number of pensioners was 126,722, and the amount paid to them was $15,450,550. In 1875, there were 234,821 pensioners receiving $29,270,407. At this time, General Garfield declared in the House of Representatives that the expenditures for pensions had reached their maximum and that thereafter they might be expected to decrease. Congress, however, passed a so-called Arrears of Pension Act, giving to each pensioner "back-pay" from the time when his disability had been first incurred. At once the expenditures were almost doubled. In 1885, the pensioners numbered 345,125, and the sum paid them was $65,171,937. The Pension Bureau was administered in a spirit of extravagant liberality. Pensions were granted to individuals whose claims were ludicrous and at times outrageous. Men who had been dishonourably discharged were on the list; others who had met with injuries from accidents while drunk were likewise favoured. Pensions had even been bestowed upon men who had shot off their own fingers in order to escape from service in the army. Yet even the Pension Bureau had felt that somewhere it must draw the line; and therefore many applications were rejected. Unsuccessful claimants, therefore, got into the habit of embodying their claims in private bills which were sent to Congress for special action. These bills were hastily rushed through both Houses without the slightest reference to their merits. It is recorded that on a single day the Senate passed 500 pension bills at a single sitting. President Cleveland made up his mind that this sort of thing must stop.

He began to make a careful study of each private pension bill that came before him, going into all the evidence with the scrupulous care of a trained lawyer. It became at once apparent that many claimants for pensions were no better than swindlers; and therefore, on May 8th, he sent to the House the first of a series of veto messages—a series which was continued throughout that session of Congress. These messages were brief, pungent, and often tinged with sarcasm, and when collected together they formed very interesting reading as throwing light upon the fraudulent character of so many pension claims. "We are dealing," wrote Mr. Cleveland, "with pensions, not with gratuities"; and even had it been a question of gratuities, there was little reason for favourable action upon many of the bills. Some of the claimants were shown to have deserted from the army. One had fallen while getting over a fence, but had absolutely no trace upon his person of any injury. Another asked for a pension because he had hurt his ankle while *intending* to enlist. Another based his application upon the fact that, sixteen years after the conclusion of the war, he had fallen from a ladder and fractured his skull. Still another had broken his leg in a ditch while gathering dandelions, long after the war. A widow asked for a pension because her husband had died of heart disease in 1881—a circumstance which she ascribed to a wound in the ankle received in 1863. Absurd as were all these and many other claims, the fact that the President rejected them was made the basis for a charge of hostility to the veterans of the Civil War. The merits of each case had little weight with those opponents who cared nothing for the truth, but who sought to bring discredit on the President. As a matter of fact, many of his vetoes were in the interest of the very persons whose claims he set aside. In several instances, widows of soldiers had carelessly sought relief through a pension bill when the granting of such relief would have cut them off from a far more liberal treatment through the regular channels of the Pension Bureau. The President, therefore, by his vigilance, not only detected and exposed dishonesty, but he did a real service to many worthy persons. In all, he vetoed one pension bill in every seven, or about one hundred in the aggregate; and only one of these bills was ever passed over the President's veto.

Early in 1886, the rumour went abroad that Mr. Cleveland was about to end his bachelorhood. This rumour naturally excited widespread interest and caused a temporary cessation of party strife. No President had ever been married during his term of office, although many weddings had taken place in the White House. Before long it became known that the report was true, and that an engagement existed between Mr. Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter

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of a former law partner. At the time when the engagement was announced, Miss Folsom was in Europe; but she presently returned and was the object of an immense amount of friendly curi-

FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND IN 1886.

osity. Mr. Cleveland had been her guardian after the death of her father, and it was said that the two had begun to take a sentimental interest in one another after certain gossips had spread a premature and quite unfounded story of their betrothal. Miss Folsom at this time was twenty-two years of age. She was a tall and graceful girl, with manners that were at once dignified and winning. Her cordiality was sincere and yet always tactful, and from the day when she first became known to the American people she remained deservedly a universal favourite. Following the usage which prevails with rulers of nations, the President was married in his official residence rather than at the house of his bride. The wedding took place on the evening of the second of June, in the Blue Room, in the presence of a small

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but distinguished company, including most of the members of the Cabinet. The ceremony was carried out with perfect taste; and the only incidents which suggested an official wedding were the presidential salute of twenty-one guns fired from the Arsenal, and a cablegram of congratulation from the Queen of Great Britain, which was received just as the President and his bride were taking their departure.

They went by special train to a cottage which had been placed at their disposal at Deer Park in the mountains of Maryland. Public interest in the marriage was so great that the press of the country went far beyond the limits of what was permissible. On the following morning, the President was astonished to find that a pavilion had been reared directly opposite his cottage, and that a throng of newspaper correspondents were collected there, provided with field glasses, so as not to lose even the slightest detail which a bold-eyed curiosity could discover. This annoying espionage continued for several days, and fully justified some biting sentences which were written with regard to the editors who permitted such a breach of elemental courtesy.

They have used the enormous power of the modern newspaper to perpetrate and disseminate a colossal impertinence, and have done it, not as professional gossips and tattlers, but as the guides and instructors of the public in conduct and morals. And they have done it, not to a private citizen, but to the President of the United States, thereby lifting their offence into the gaze of the whole world, and doing their utmost to make American journalism contemptible in the estimation of people of good breeding everywhere.*

*New York *Evening Post.*

"A QUIET HONEYMOON AT DEER PARK."

(Cartoon from *Puck.*)

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Congress adjourned on August 5, 1886. It had of necessity enacted no measure regarding which there was a difference of opinion between the two parties. A tariff bill had been prepared by the Democrats of the House, but no action had been taken upon it. On the other hand, the question of the presidential succession had at last been definitely settled by a law which named the Vice-President, and the Secretaries of the Departments in the order of their establishment, to succeed in the event of the disability or death of those preceding them. Another bill, providing for an increase of the Navy, passed both Houses and received the signature of the President. This Naval Appropriation Act was long afterwards pronounced "historic" by a Republican Secretary of the Navy.* It provided for the building of a battleship, the *Texas,* an armoured cruiser, the *Maine,* a protected cruiser, the *Baltimore,* a dynamite cruiser, the *Vesuvius,* and a torpedo boat, the *Cushing.* In this way, new and wholly modern types of warships were introduced into the American Navy; and of these vessels every one was destined to be remembered in the nation's history.

President Cleveland had by this time become thoroughly known to all his countrymen. He had in some ways disappointed a section of his party. He had not altogether satisfied the expectations of the independent voters. But he had made no serious mistakes, and he had given to his followers a positive and definite policy to take the place of the purely negative, critical attitude which for twenty years had brought them nothing but disaster. Both as a man and as a statesman his fame had grown. Few doubted his sincerity of purpose, his integrity of character, or his indomitable courage.

In November, Harvard University celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. President Cleveland accepted an invitation to attend the ceremonies as the guest of the University and of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Accompanied by the Governor and escorted by a body of lancers, he proceeded to Cambridge, where he was received at the Sanders Theatre by President Eliot.* No such gathering had hitherto been seen upon this Continent, representing, as it did, all that was most distinguished in American art and literature, in statesmanship, in science, and in learning. In the presence of this brilliant assemblage, James Russell Lowell, the greatest of American men of letters then living, delivered an address which for its tone of rare distinction still remains a masterpiece, starred with felicitous allusions and pregnant with suggestive thought. Toward the close, he spoke a few graceful words of welcome to the guests of the University, and then, at the last, turning to the most illustrious guest of all, he said:

"There is also one other name of which it would be indecorous not to make exception. You all know that I can mean only the President of our Republic. His presence is a signal honour to us all, and to us all I may say a personal gratification. We have no politics here; but the sons of Harvard all belong to the party which admires courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty, and which respects, wherever he may be found, the

Iustum ac tenacem propositi virum,

who knows how to withstand the

Civium ardor prava iubentium.

He has left the helm of state to be with us here, and so long as it is entrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's Pilot, 'O, Neptune, you may sink me if you will, you may save me if you will, but whatever happens, I shall keep my rudder true!'"

*November 8.

*Long, *The New American Navy,* i., p. 41 (New York, 1904).

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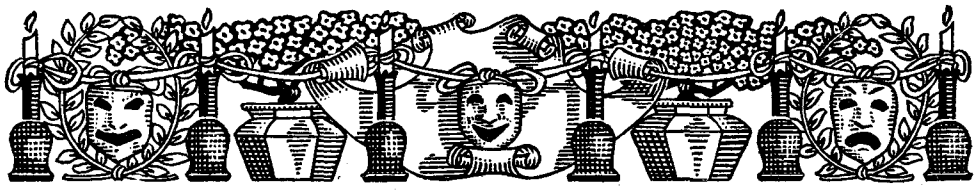

JANAUSCHEK

The evanescent quality of the actor's art is a truism; the greatest in this kind are but shadows when they are dead. The wonderful creation of to-night is gone to-morrow, save in the memory of the spectator. Even at the moment of success the thought is bitter; and there can hardly be a pang in death more sharp to one who sees former glory fade away and lives on in obscurity. Such was the fate of Janauschek, perhaps the finest tragic actress who has ever graced our stage. Playgoers of an older generation still recall with singular vividness her marvellous impersonations in classic tragedy, Brünnhilde, Medea, Deborah, Queen Katherine, Lady Macbeth; nor is it so many years since her Lady Dedlock, her Hortense, her Meg Merrilies, revealed to the younger generation another side of her dramatic genius. Yet the public which she once had held spellbound drifted away from her, and she passed her final days in poverty and distress. Now that she is dead praise need no longer be laggard. "This country owes a mighty debt to Janauschek," wrote Mr. Philip Hale a few years ago, "for her influence has been steadily and courageously for what is pure and uplifting." She never lost sight of her high ideals, however little they might sort with the demands of the theatrical market-place. Like Hildebrand, she "loved justice and hated iniquity," and therefore she died in exile from her art.

Francesca Romana Magdalena Janauschek was born at Prague, July 20, 1830. She was of pure Czech blood, one of a family of several children. Her father was a musician, and it was to music that she first devoted herself. She studied the pianoforte until an accident to her hand led her to cultivate her voice, a mezzo-soprano of strong dramatic quality; and if she had gone into opera, as she intended, what a Norma, an Ortrud, an Amneris, the world would have seen! And although her remarkable gifts as an actress in the end determined her career, her musical temperament may not inconceivably have influenced her dramatic art. Those who knew her well have heard her play Chopin, for example, with great technical skill and immense felicity of expression. But the stage drew her to itself. She made her theatrical début at Prague in the comedy, then a favourite with young actresses, *Ich Bleibe Ledig,* and appeared at Frankfort, Cologne, and other cities until she blazed forth as a star of Munich. Mad King Ludwig, who after all was perhaps only mad north-north-west, and knew a hawk from a handsaw, honoured her as he honoured many other men and women of genius. She next made tours through Austria and Russia, being everywhere received with acclaim. In 1867 she made her first appearance in the United States.

Janauschek was an accomplished linguist; but at this time she did not speak English, and so American audiences made her acquaintance as an actress in German. She used to say afterwards that this was a mistake, and to add, half-humorously, that if she had called herself "Romana" people would not have been repelled by what they regarded as the unpronounceable barbarity of her name. Her German répertoire was exclusively classic—*Medea, Deborah, Egmont, Die Braut von Messina, Don Carlos,* and *Maria Stuart.* She also played Lady Macbeth to the Macbeth of Edwin Booth, one of those polyglot performances which even genius can hardly excuse. It was her interest in Shakespeare, and her desire to interpret some of his women characters to American audiences, that led her to study English. Although it was impossible that she should not retain to the last a touch of foreign accent, her mastery of the delicacies of pronunciation, her command over the shades of expression, were the most

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complete that any foreigner in our day has ever attained. Perhaps it is not too much to say that only Mr. Booth himself surpassed her in the rich, varied and flexible delivery of Shakespearian verse. Returning to this country in 1873 as an English-speaking actress, Janauschek at first kept mainly to her older répertoire. strengthened by the success of *Chesney Wold,* as the drama made out of *Bleak House* was originally named. Nor was the dual rôle of Lady Dedlock and Hortense by any means the least of her achievements. The very contrast she had to illustrate showed the scope of her powers.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK.

But Queen Katherine and Hermione were two Shakespearian characters which she added to Lady Macbeth, and she played also in *Marie Antoinette, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Leah,* and *Mother and Son.* She felt as she grew older that the public cared little for the classic tragedy of her youth, and the feeling was

Even in *Chesney Wold* and in *Meg Merrilies*—plays in which realism rather than idealism prevails—she revealed the classic quality of her art, the union of intensity of feeling with simplicity of expression. Meg might easily be made a creature of melodrama; but in Janauschek's hands no touch lifting her into

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purely tragic force was spared; in the scene with Hatteraick and Glossin there was a bitter sarcasm which penetrated the very inmost imagination of the spectator. Lady Macbeth offered a more impressive example of her command of her materials. The old Greek sublimity which Von Schlegel found in the play was revealed by Janauschek's impersonation; if she idealised the guilty Queen it was because idealisation is necessary in *Macbeth* no less than in *Hamlet,* to maintain the dramatist's elevation of thought. For all the sudden ferocity of her fell purpose, Lady Macbeth cannot escape those compunctious visitings of nature from which she prays to be delivered; and in Janauschek's portrayal of the "limèd soul that, struggling to be free, is more involved," this tribute to humanity was never long neglected. Perhaps her greatest single moment was in the banquet scene, where, with but few words to speak, she dominated the stage by her mere presence, although, of course, in the sleep-walking scene she made a more direct appeal to the emotions of pity and horror. If in any one character, however, she reached the utmost heights of human passion it was in Brünnhilde; even Wagner's music was not needed to make the outraged and revengeful wife a potent figure. But anything like an adequate analysis of her art is impossible within narrow limits. Janauschek belongs with the few women of transcendent genius who have shown how the acted drama may absorb the mind and thrill the soul.

The world need not be too much concerned with the personality of a great artist. But in the greatest there is usually a certain correspondence between the life and the art. One's work depends upon what one brings to it. It is difficult to think of Shakespeare except as a man of large and generous temper; and Janauschek had an element of noble simplicity in her daily life and conversation which her friends found very winning. If she became a little embittered at the last it was not unpardonable. She saw the world running after strange goddesses and pursuing cults which to her were a degradation. But as long as she remained upon the stage she held to her high ideals; and could there be a better epitaph than that? *Edward Fuller.*

MID-SEASON AT THE THEATRES

With midwinter comes the turn of the season at the theatres. By that time the managers have tried most of the plays on which they are building hopes, and tested most of the players whom they have chosen to act them or whom they have brought from Europe to act in repertoires of their own. The successful —sometimes only the persistent—are beginning to go up and down the country, and the public to show any particular direction in which its likings may be tending. Unless the managers are hard pressed for what they call "attractions" they do less in the second than in the first half of the season. The public, if it is becomingly responsive, does more.

In one respect at least it has been such —in appreciation for Shakespeare on the stage. It is long since so many of his plays have been acted by so many stars and with so many signs of public interest. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have acted since last September and will act till next June in *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet* and *Much Ado About Nothing.* Miss Allen is giving her whole season to *The Winter's Tale* and to *Twelfth Night.* Miss Adams is preparing to act Rosalind in *As You Like It.* Mr. Mansfield has two or three plays of Shakespeare in the list that he acts in every city. Miss Rehan is doing likewise. Mr. Robert Mantell, after years of popularity in melodrama and romantic plays in the humbler theatres, has led his public now to *Richard III.* and *Othello.* There has been a play of Shakespeare to see in New

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York, at one theatre or another, with one actor or another, from the middle of October to the middle of January. There will be one, with short intervals, almost to the end of the season. Other cities will see more of Shakespeare, and oftener, than they have for some years. Our managers, actors and audiences are rediscovering him. The managers are learning that he pays quite as well as many of their ventures. The players rejoice in parts in which they can set their teeth. The public rejoices likewise in plays and acting in which it can set its interest and find substance.

The partnership of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe is the most significant element in all these rediscoveries. It is

SOTHERN AND MARLOWE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

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to continue for two seasons more. They began with the three plays just noted. Next autumn they will add three more to them—probably *Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. The following year they will add as many more, so that at the end of their present agreement, in the spring of 1907, they will have a genuine Shakespearian repertory of nine plays, a company that has been busy with them for three years, and a public that expects Shakespeare of them. The aim of the two stars and of the manager behind them is thus to establish a continuing company for Shakespeare that shall act his plays steadily throughout the country. It is a genuine ambition of the manager's, who has given the two players the freest hand. It has absorbed all the energies of Mr. Sothern as an actor and a stage manager. It has reawakened Miss Marlowe's best talents.

So far the results have been all that it was reasonable to hope. With Miss Marlowe as Beatrice and Mr. Sothern as Benedick, *Much Ado* has not been so well acted since Irving and Terry first played it in America. Mr. Sothern's Benedick had unexpected felicities. Miss Marlowe's Beatrice touched the character in all respects. In more essentials than one it filled it. Her Juliet, in turn, rose to unexpected power and passion in the later scenes of the play. But a certain heaviness and slowness weakened Mr. Sothern's Romeo. His Hamlet is familiar, it steadily broadens and deepens. Miss Marlowe's Ophelia is new, and here and there it touches the conventions of the part with individuality. The plays have been arranged for the stage with every reasonable respect for the text and the sequence of the scenes. They have been mounted with the ample picturesqueness that the taste of audiences asks in these days, but usually with imagination, and without needless "upholstery" to smother or "business" to clutter the play. The company has done what it might with more evidence of sincere effort than of practiced skill. Our minor actors can only learn to do their Shakespeare by playing him. It is the newest of work to most of them.

A public that by every sign seems to welcome Shakespeare has been indifferent to other poetic plays. Mr. Aldrich, to whom the stage is still a temptation, has written a tragedy in verse, *Judith of Bethulia*, for Miss Nance O'Neill, but she has been barely able to keep it in her repertory. The play turns, in the fashion of classic rather than English tragedy, upon the single situation of the slaying of Holofernes by Judith for the salvation of Israel. There are two acts of preparation, eked out of Mr. Aldrich's imagination. There is a short act of sequence Heaven-sent visions inspire Judith. A kind of guileless guile clears her path to the Assyrian. She struggles between the impulses of a woman, not quite untouched by his magnificence, and of the avenging saviour of Israel. She lures and strikes. Thereafter she sees herself as she then was, and dreads herself in solitude. The weakness of the play is its lack of the sweep, intensity and exaltation that at their fullest can overcome the limitations of such tragedy and carry audiences into it and with it. Oftenest Mr. Aldrich is only appropriate. He seldom offends, but he never transports. His imagination is not fertile enough, and he does not make Judith a potent figure enough to make preparation and sequence adequate to the one scene that made the piece possible. Too often in that he picked his way. Miss O'Neill herself acted Judith with the flashes of power and the flashes of crudity and the long, dull levels of hard monotony between that she has shown in all her parts. There is many a sign of the makings of a great actress in her. There are almost as many that it will soon be too late, and that there is no one to do the making. Self-absorption, a besetting narrowness, and much struggling has made her unamenable to any sort of guidance.

A better play and a finer actor has suffered from this same public indifference to any poetic pieces but Shakespeare. Otis Skinner is one of the very few actors on the English-speaking stage who can summon something of the largeness, freedom and glamour of romance to his acting. He has nearly every resource essential to such acting. He approaches it with genuine warmth and fineness of imagination. At his best he can persuade his audience to the romantic character he would embody, the

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exalted speech in which it tells its story, and to the romance in the tale itself. But, once more, as public taste goes, he has been unfortunate in his play—a poorly made adaptation into prose of the verse of Jean Richepin's *Le Chemineau*. It celebrates the vagabond instinct that calls incessantly and irresistibly to a hazard of new fortunes down the long white road. The vagabond loves and strides away. The vagabond returns to find a son and serve him in his need. Then forth once more. There are humour in him and gayety. Awakening fatherhood struggles with the necessity of concealment. There is always the wandering instinct thrumming underneath. The play is luminous with atmosphere of the green fields and the orchards in midsummer and the spring, of the snowy roads at Christmas. It suffered in an adaptation that turned Richepin's poetry into bald prose, and localised it all with Canadian detail. Mr. Skinner made amends by the romantic force and pliancy, and at moments even beauty, of his acting. But nowhere has our public warmly liked *The Harvester*, as he called the play, or his vagabond. We may have become too sophisticated to respond to the vagabond instinct, or we are wedded to the commonplace, or, worse, of the romantic plays of Mr. Hackett and his kind.

The antithesis of what of poetry and romance the season has brought to our theatres has been the acting of Réjane. It is a fruit and a survival on the stage of the realistic impulse in literature and the arts in France. It is the nakedest of prose. Its aim is the illusion of life itself, lived before the spectator's eyes in the character and through the episodes that the playwright has designed. Réjane plays Sapho and spares not a detail of the animal in her, not a shade in the woman's degradation. Never for a moment does she sentimentalise a line or a tint in the picture. It is the truth and nothing but the truth expressed in the terms of acting and the stage. So with her Zaza. She makes her a woman endlessly shaded, humanly mingling good and evil, knowing life and submitting to its necessities, and not the melodramatic heroine of brass, sham sentiment and theatrical fustian that has been compounded for us. Réjane filled the final scene of *La Dame aux Camélias* with the naked agony of a woman fighting to live when life has at last brought its happiness to her. The peasant of *La Robe Rouge*, with the woes that tortured and the vengeance that slowly mounted in her dull brain until she struck a system of justice in the man who had made her feel its iniquity—this peasant stripped of husband and children, her good name, every joy of life, lived before us as Réjane acted her. The truth was the actress's goal. Her intelligence seemed to penetrate to it, her imagination to seize it. But the intelligence never complicated this truth or the imagination distorted or exceeded it. To express it she applied every technical resource at her command. Yet she did not let one obtrude.

There are many personalities in Réjane, and she slips seemingly from one into another, and for the moment that particular one absorbs her. In comedy in particular, it is this or that character, as the playwright conceived it, feeling, speaking, doing through her. There is the same exquisite naturalness, but in these lighter parts, touched with a hundred strokes of peculiarly feminine detail. Réjane is a mistress of the coquetries, perversities and intuitions of a woman of the world, of the peculiarly perverse and self-analysing kind of woman you find in the psychological French play of the hour. She lays them bare before you. At the end you leave the theatre with an almost unpleasant sense of unwarranted intimacy with them. The next night you return to face Réjane in a riot of bubbling humour through three acts of gayety that now and then must break into a romp. This is the Réjane of *Ma Cousine* and *La Passerelle*. You return a third night, and now you are face to face with a woman of shrewd intelligence and wit, full of subtle coquetries, playing upon men, catching the humour of life, cynical withal, a little dusty, perhaps, at the hem of her frock, yet not without generous qualities. This is the Réjane of *La Parisienne* and of *Petite Marquise*—the Réjane of a perfect spontaneity, as well as of perfect feminine truth. Réjane, at her best, is the actress of life itself.

The three players that have come to us

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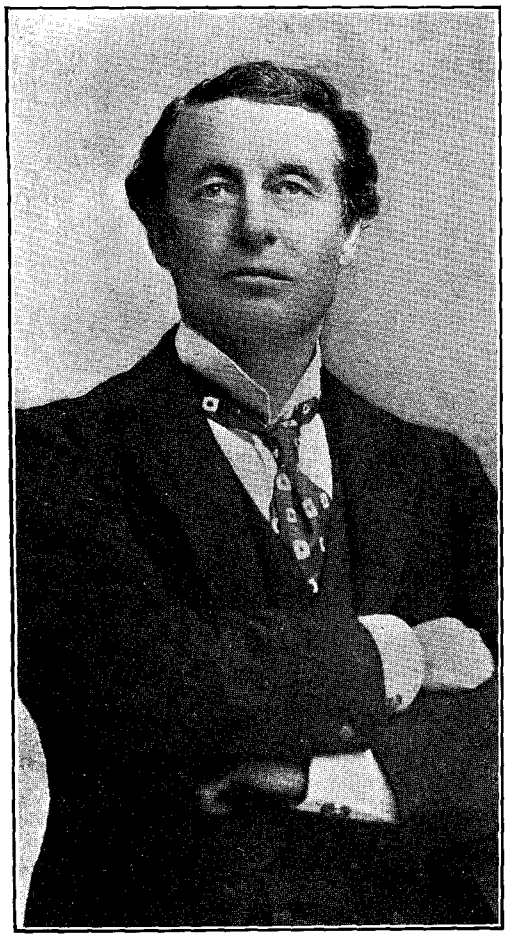

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

EDWARD TERRY.

from England have done little as yet that was notable. Wyndham we have yet to see in the high comedy that reveals him at his best. He has proved the range of his resources and their flexibility in the histrionic shreds and patches of David Garrick. He has ventured an innocent mixture of light, deft and humorous comedy and trite melodrama in Davies's *Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace.* But the melodrama fell to him and the comedy to Miss Moore. Edward Terry, who is paying his first visit to America, mingles humour of an ordinary sort with sentiment as ordinary. He acts with an admirable plainness and directness, and all four are dear to Anglo-Saxon audiences. Mrs. Campbell, returning again to play a very theatrical heroine of a very theatrical piece of joiner-work, Sardou's *Sorceress,* has had little opportunity to employ her finer and more individual powers. There is little play for her keen and subtle insight into feminine character—the keener if the character is a little perverse—or for the fine suggestion of her acting in a Moorish woman that defies inquisitions, cajoles an artless lover and takes poison at the stake in the good old Sardou fashion—a theatrical point at every turn. There is room for a larger, wider theatrical power than Mrs. Campbell can summon. Yet she touches even some of Sardou's commonplace in its quieter moments, with a beauty that transforms it and is all her own.

H. T. Parker.

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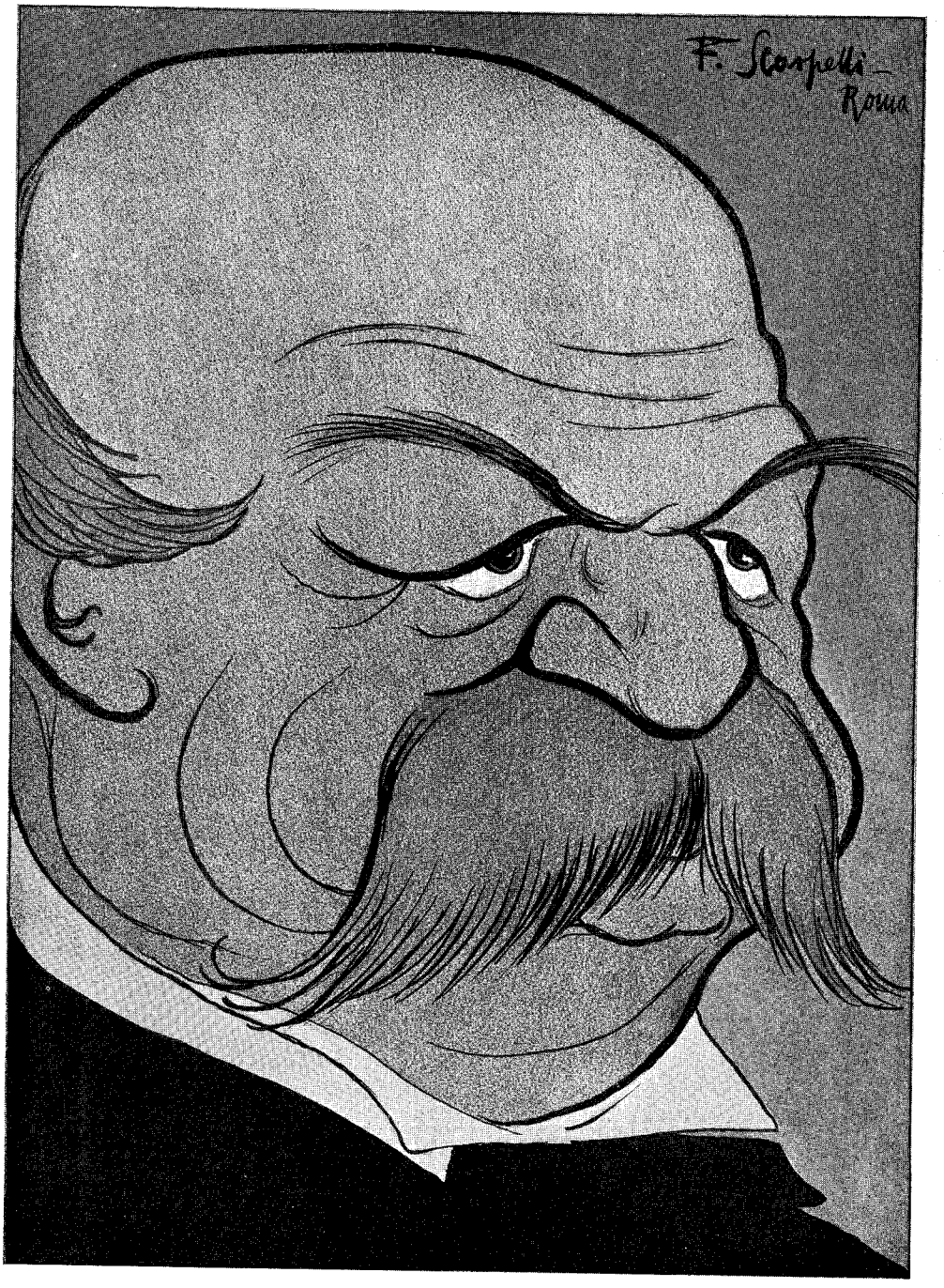

AN ITALIAN IMPRESSION OF SALVINI.

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PHILISTIA

(SCENE.—A Comfortable Literary Atmosphere. Discovered a Novelist, a Short Story Writer and a Bust of Shakespeare.)

Novelist.

What of your Art—how does it sell?

Short Story Writer.

Immense! I'm doing very well.

Novelist.

You're still in quatrains, I suppose?

S. S. W.

Oh, mercy, no! I'm doing prose.
Sonnets have gone from bad to worse—
The market's very dead in verse.

Novelist.

Magazine fiction, I have heard,
Has gone to par—five cents a word.

S. S. W.

Five cents, you say? Well, that's so-so—
I sell for downright sums, you know.
It pays the best.

Novelist.

What is your rate?

S. S. W.

Oh, that is difficult to state.
I study first my editor
And find how much he's ready for.
How did your latest book progress?

Novelist.

Artistic triumph—great success.
Sold sixty thousand, more or less,
Before the leaves were off the press.

S. S. W.

What gave it such a splendid shove?
Historical?

Novelist.

No. Mostly Love.
Love is the line of goods that takes.
It sells, my boy, like griddle cakes.
The problem novel's seen its day
And business fiction doesn't pay;
No more the brisk and steady sales
For wonder or adventure tales.
But give 'em Love, and if it's neat
You'll move from Grub to Easy Street.

S. S. W.

I can't progress as fast as you,
Selling my stories as I do.

Novelist.

A royalty is much the best.
It works, you know, while you're at rest;
And if you have a master hand
To fill the general demand
The publisher grows confident
And lifts your divvy ten per cent.

S. S. W.

That's fair. I think I'll make a bluff
At turning out your line of stuff.

Novelist.

Sell while the market's ruling strong—
It's very apt to slump ere long.

S. S. W. (consulting watch).

It's four o'clock—I'll have to go.
My auto's at the door, you know.

Novelist.

Come out next week and see my yacht.

S. S. W.

Thanks!

(Exeunt in opposite directions.)

Bust of Shakespeare.

Lights of Avon and Great Scott!
Do these men deal in coal—or what?
For Men of Letters, seemeth me,
They handle Figures mightily.

Wallace Irwin.

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THE TRICK OF EUPHEMISM AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

It was Thackeray who wrote, "There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them." And the same polite public, which in Thackeray's time had "an insuperable repugnance to hearing vice called by its proper name," is still to-day more afraid of words than of ideas. It still makes manner, rather than matter, the criterion between clean and unclean fiction. It raises to the dignity of a moral issue what is often only a question of vocabulary. What Anglo-Saxon smugness finds unpardonable in Flaubert and Maupassant and Zola is not so much the boldness of their themes as it is the frankness with which those themes are handled. So far as theme goes, the standard English novelists can show, from Goldsmith's Olivia downward, a lengthy portrait-gallery of women, sinned against and sinning, to offset the Madame Bovarys, and Madame de Burnes, and Gervaise Macquarts of French fiction. Scott's Effie Deans comes to mind at once, and so do Thackeray's Becky Sharp and Beatrix Esmond, and Dickens's Lady Dedlock and little Em'ly in *David Copperfield*, and George Eliot's Hetty in *Adam Bede*, and Tessa in *Romola*. Even staid Miss Austen swells the list with at least one Lydia Bennett, unmoral and unashamed. And it is safe to say that if the stories in which these women figure could be rewritten by a master of French realism, he would not need to change a single detail of plot or trait of character in order to produce volumes which a conservative committee would hesitate to admit to the shelves of a public library.

The reason is that, while French writers have an unrivalled gift for putting brazen deeds into language of impeccable grace, they have never felt the need of that particular sort of euphemism which English novelists, in sheer self-defence, have been forced to cultivate. And here the word, euphemism, is used to denote something far broader than the knack of sugar-coating offensive thoughts with dainty phrases. It means a certain combination of linguistic tact and good taste and a subtle understanding of human nature, which enables a writer to depict practically any phase of life he chooses, without fear and without reproach. True euphemism may sometimes lie in a golden silence, rather than in a clever circumlocution. Sometimes the highest form of all may, paradoxically enough, be the bold cutting short of an equivocal situation, with a few blunt, emphatic monosyllables. There is at least one scene in *John Halifax* where a phrase seldom used outside the Decalogue serves the purpose of a moral antiseptic.

This kind of euphemism is a thing which cannot be taught; it is not a matter of ethics, or conscience, or moral sensitiveness. One novelist simply pictures life as he sees it, monde and demi-monde, honest men and knaves, with cheerful impartiality, and no more heed of the moral significance of it all than an artist painting a Birth of Venus, or a sculptor chiselling a Marble Faun. Yet if he has the trick of euphemism, his book will be without offence; while another novelist, who does not have it—perhaps an earnest student of social problems, striving to convey a lesson—may find his book raising a storm of protest, like that which in this country greeted Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata*.

An art which is so largely a matter of instinct is not easy to analyse. If an author cannot feel for himself which of several possible ways of saying the same thing will convey the meaning with a maximum of clearness and a minimum of offence, then there is no use in trying to teach him. Yet if one studies those writers to whom the public seems to have granted special license for picturing the unsavoury things of life, certain general principles stand out rather sharply. And the first of these is that such writers must have observed rather shrewdly the methods in which a knowledge of good and evil is passed on from man to man in the real world. It sometimes happens that, by a trick of fate, we are suddenly

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made involuntary sharers in some unhappy family secret. A man's familiar writing on an envelope; a woman slipping furtively through a doorway; or even some slighter thing than these, the interception of a glance or smile—and you are in possession of the key to a domestic tragedy. In such a case your mind is engrossed wholly with what you have seen and with its import. Of its moral aspect, in relation to you, an outsider, you do not stop to think. But supposing that, instead of having personally stumbled upon a scandalous secret, you learn it from a gossip-loving friend, who takes you aside and in half whispers tells you his discoveries, gloating over the details, and filling in the gaps with malevolent conjectures. Then, if you are possessed of a healthful moral cleanliness, you will escape from your garrulous friend with a consciousness of having come in personal contact with pitch.

Now to the novelist the same two ways of communication are open. He may either put us in a position to see events with our own eyes, or he may reveal them through the lips of his characters. If he chooses to let us see for ourselves, the discreet novelist remembers that in real life we must content ourselves for the most part with circumstantial evidence; we cannot break down doors and invade the privacy of locked apartments. If he chooses the second way, he will put the story into the mouth of some man or woman with a proper sense of decency, who will tell what must be told without appearing to revel in the unsavoury narrative.

All things considered, the first method, that of setting the scene vividly before us, without comment, is at once the most dramatic and the least offensive way possible. A single example will make this clear. Take the famous scene in *Vanity Fair* where Rawdon returns from the debtor's prison and finds Becky with Lord Steyn bending over her, in the act of kissing her hand. In all English fiction there are few situations more repellent than the relation which we are to understand as existing between the senile nobleman and the little adventuress. A novelist of the modern psychological school would have made Rawdon suspect the truth while still detained in prison, and would have forced us to listen to his self-torturing conjectures of all the nameless things taking place at home—while the hours drag on, and the money that will win him freedom to learn the truth does not come. And finally, when such an author brings Rawdon breathless to the house, it really makes very little difference, from the standpoint of morality, whether Lord Steyn is there or not. The limit of audacity has been reached in anticipation; the reality will be an anti-climax. Thackeray, instead, has shown us just one swift, splendid bit of drama, the righteous anger of a man vindicating his outraged honour. For the rest, he wraps a charitable mantle of silence about his heroine. No one has ever known the truth about Becky; but all the world knows, without being told, what Rawdon Crawley believed.

Other writers since Thackeray have learned the euphemistic value of a little reticence. Henry James especially has carried ambiguity to a hitherto undreamed-of extent. No other writer has ever so far presumed upon the fact that the public will accept many revolting things if they are not put into plain words. Mr. James's books are a sort of verbal game of hide-and-seek. He never gives us any tangible facts, but always an endless chain of suggested improprieties. *The Golden Bowl* is, superficially, a shimmering mist of verbal cleverness; but the plot, if it has any meaning at all, is a tissue of hideous, nameless complications. And yet, instead of charging Mr. James with impropriety, you catch yourself wondering whether, as a matter of fact, he can possibly have meant anything half so unsavoury as he seems to suggest—whether, in short, you ought not to be very much ashamed of yourself for letting your own imagination take such license.

It has been already said that the public will accept a plain exposition of facts where it will not stand for a lengthy discussion, a morbid dwelling upon the moods and conditions that produced them. But there is one clearly marked class of exceptions. If her house is on fire, a woman cares little for the small conventions of shoes and stockings. If a man stands under the shadow of the gallows, he will not be over-nice in his choice of words and phrases. The

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Kreutzer Sonata has already been referred to as a book which once raised a popular hue and cry in this country. It is well that a sober second thought has reversed the judgment, for the book is a masterly example of how the minor conventions of word and deed are dwarfed by the presence of a great tragedy. The whole world knows the story: a casual stranger in a railway carriage talks to a mixed company of men and women, about sex and sin, in terms of brutal frankness. But this stranger proves to be a self-confessed murderer, a man whose trial has been followed from day to day in the newspapers with the keenest interest; a man bowed down under a vast burden of remorse. Out of his sufferings he has evolved a message to humanity; and we can pardon from his lips a frankness of speech which from another would seem gross impropriety. It was probably from the *Kreutzer Sonata* that D'Annunzio learned this device, which he applied in *L'Innocente.* Painful and repellent though it is, of all D'Annunzio's novels this is the one which least outrages Anglo-Saxon decency. The Italian title suggests the massacre of an innocent. The French and English versions bear the more significant name of *The Intruder.* The book is an analysis of a husband's sufferings, as he awaits, day by day, the coming of a child, of which he knows, beyond the possibility of a merciful doubt, that he is not the father. Yet immorality is the last word you would think of applying to the book, because the opening words disarm you: "I, Tullio Hermil, am a murderer. I have killed a child."

"Baccarat."

It seemed worth while to call to mind this volume by D'Annunzio, because quite recently an English writer, Mrs. Julia Frankau, who signs herself "Frank Danby," has written a closely parallel story, called *Baccarat.* The main point of divergence in plot is that the history of the wife's infidelity is given in detail, filling the first half of the volume, instead of being subtly suggested between the lines. It will be sufficient to say that, like all of "Frank Danby's" stories, this is a virile piece of work, with something of the brutality of Maupassant about it, but without the Frenchman's art. The story, unlike *L'Innocente,* is told in the third person, instead of the first; the husband, sorely tempted though he is, commits no crime; and to an American or English reader there is nothing to palliate the painful frankness with which many physical details are insisted upon.

"Captain Amyas."

There are far fewer women than men who understand the trick of euphemism. There is a self-consciousness about them that betrays itself either in a censorious tone, or else in an attempt to brazen the matter out. The woman who signs herself "Dolf Wyllarde" may not be a novelist of the first rank, but she does possess the rare talent of handling equivocal situations with the firm touch of a man. *Captain Amyas* is not a pleasant story; it is not a healthful story; nor can all the author's undeniable gift for cloaking audacious thoughts in apparently harmless phrases alter the fact that its theme verges upon the borderline of medical jurisprudence. The man who fills the title-rôle is a sort of nautical Bel-Ami, a Don Juan of the great passenger liners. Even as a boy, his imperious desires bode him no good, and are a sore anxiety to his friends; whatever he wants, he "wants *so badly!*" As he grows older his wants simplify themselves, until but two remain—a captaincy of one of his company's ocean liners and a certain little Devon girl for his wife. And because, while he is absent from England, another man blights the life of the Devon girl, the whole character of Captain Amyas undergoes a change. He is one of those men who appeal strongly to women; and without scruple, without mercy, he uses them as stepping-stones to climb to the captaincy, which "he wants so badly!" Many women love him, some of them the wives of men whose wish carries weight with the steamship company; and after every voyage he is advanced over the heads of older officers, until finally, the youngest captain in the service, he commands the largest and proudest vessel of the fleet. But all the while scandal and calumny have followed in his wake, and nemesis is abiding its time. One deed, more blackguardly than the rest, recoils upon him and blots him out, just at the time that he is learning his bitterest lesson—

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that whether he lives or dies, his own act has placed hopelessly beyond reach the one woman whom, above all others, he "wants so badly!"

"The Divine Fire."

One of the few real surprises of the present season is *The Divine Fire,* by May Sinclair. To review the book in connection with the central idea of the present article is, in a measure, an injustice, because it implies that the book belongs to a group with which in reality it has little kinship. Yet it is one of those big, many-sided, kaleidoscopic books which paint metropolitan life, the good and the bad together, with such sweeping brush-strokes that no harm is done if, while recognising its many genuine qualities, one recognises also the assured touch with which it pictures the seamy side of Bohemian and journalistic London. The impression that you bring away from *The Divine Fire* is, first of all, an impression of a multitude of human beings, and at the same time not an impression of a crowd, because in a crowd few faces stand out distinct from the rest, while in *The Divine Fire* there is a whole sea of faces that you seem to recognise individually. The picture is painted on a wide canvas; it is the London of newspaper and magazine offices, of old bookshops and second-rate lodging houses, of cheap theatres and cheaper music halls. Above all, it is the life history of a little Cockney poet, born and bred amid the dust of old books, unclean in habits, vulgar in speech, and further handicapped by an instinct for sharp bargains, inherited from his trickster father. Curiously enough, in the soul of this insignificant little Cockney a spark of the divine flame is smouldering. It has already once or twice flared up, in a burst that is almost genius in some audacious *Saturnalia,* and a wonderful symbolic drama, *Helen in Leuce.* Yet the flame, at its brightest, has hitherto not leaped very high above the earth. He looks upon the throngs of women who nightly frequent Piccadilly Circus abstractly as "a luminous, passionate nocturne of the streets"; his ideal of womanhood has not risen above the level of Poppy Grace, a very ordinary little variety actress, his friendship with whom is told in terms that are unmistakable, yet without offence. But one day he is sent into the country to catalogue a priceless old library, which his father, through unscrupulous dealings, is getting for a mere song. Here he meets Lucia Harden, beautiful, cultured, well-born, the first good, pure woman he has ever known—the woman to whom the library should rightfully belong, and whom he is helping to defraud. The story is really a history of the awakening of the poet's soul, and of his gradual conquest over heredity and environment and his earlier self. It is one of those rare books which give you so much to think about that you lay it down from time to time, only to find that you are compelled to take it promptly up again, and persevere to the end, in spite of its throngs of characters, its diversity of interests. It is a book of very unusual quality.

"The Masquerader."

The word euphemism quite naturally suggests mention of still another woman's book, *The Masquerader,* by Katherine Cecil Thurston. It is a good example of the euphemism of silence, because it is safe to say that the widespread popular interest in this story during its serial publication was due very largely to a dilemma which is nowhere directly put into words. Here is a brief synopsis of the plot: There are in London two men, each the physical replica of the other. For thirty years they have been unaware of each other's existence, until one foggy night they collide in the murky darkness, and the flare of a match shows to each of them what seems like his own image peering forth from a blurred and distorted mirror. One of these men is wealthy, well connected, with a seat in parliament and a beautiful wife. But he is wretched. He has the instincts of a country squire, and for six years it has been a daily punishment to force his sluggish brain to play a creditable part in the social and political life of London. Morphine alone has lately spurred his jaded nerves up to the required pace—and already the drug has ceased to be a servant and has become the master. The other man is a victim of circumstances, a bit of human driftwood, with a brain capable of far better things. Had fate assigned him a place in the governing

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body of the nation, his inborn genius for statesmanship would have swayed the destinies of Europe. Well, as these two strangers gaze into each other's faces, while the match flares and flickers and goes out, a wild scheme is born in the statesman's brain for getting the rest for which he feels such urgent need. He proposes that they shall temporarily change places, that the other man shall play his part in parliament, in society and in his own household. The chance to masquerade in the sphere of life for which he has always longed outweighs all the other man's scruples, save one—the statesman's young and beautiful wife. But the statesman brushes this objection lightly aside; he and his wife have been estranged for several years, in fact ever since she realised that her ambition for him was not likely to be gratified. Accordingly the two men change places, and the Masquerader, finding himself at last in the atmosphere for which nature has fitted him, soon sets all England ringing with praise for his eloquence and his statesmanship. Meanwhile the dilemma which is nowhere put into words, but which every reader has watched for, from the first, comes to the front. The wife, who has so long been estranged and has believed her love to be dead, suddenly finds her interest rekindled, when she sees the man she believes to be her husband taking his proper place in the world, and not only justifying her former faith in him, but far surpassing her most daring expectations. The whole position is so equivocal, and the interest in all its unspoken difficulties is so tense, that it is not surprising there has been a tendency rather to exaggerate the literary merits of the book, and to overlook the fact that aside from the author's own word for it, none of the characters shows any striking originality or justifies a claim to be anything more than just an average English man or woman. Considered, however, simply as an ingenious story, based on a chance physical resemblance, it deserves at least a place on the same shelf with the *Prisoner of Zenda.*

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

Stephen Phillips's "The Sin of David."*

When it was announced, almost two years ago, that the author of *Paolo and Francesca, Herod,* and *Ulysses* was preparing a drama on the theme of David and Bathsheba, the interest of those who have followed Mr. Phillips's work was naturally aroused, and the two former plays upon the same subject, the *David, ou l'Adultère* of Montchrétien, first published in 1601, and George Peele's *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe, With the Tragedie of Absalom,* printed two years earlier, immediately recurred to memory. One was scarcely prepared, however, to find *The Sin of David* a drama of the period of the English Commonwealth, where the King of Jerusalem appears as Sir Hubert Lisle, Commander of the Parliamentary forces in the Fenland, while Uriah is represented by Colonel Mardyke of the Puritan Army and Bathsheba by Miriam, his wife. In action, on the other hand, the play closely follows the Biblical narrative of David's iniquity and the vengeance with which Jehovah visited him, but into the Hebrew account of the licentiousness of an Oriental despot the modern dramatist has infused a pathos unknown to the story on which he has based his plot.

Like *Paolo and Francesca,* this drama deals with a love which in the eyes of society is "sin," but, unfortunately, our sympathy is entirely withdrawn from Mardyke at the very outset. Though exalted by his devotion to the Lord of Hosts, he lacks the tenderness toward his young wife that might easily have been ascribed him, and no one can blame her for seeking elsewhere the affection

*The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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that she desired. Hereby the action is simplified at the cost of interest, and in proportion as Lisle and Miriam rise above David and Bathsheba in nobility, so does Mardyke fall short of the pathos which he should have possessed. The interest of the reader, therefore, is wholly with the lovers, and the death of their child, as described in the last act, appears rather as the vengeance of a malignant ghost than as the punishment of an offended God.

The supreme dramatic moment of conflict between love and honour is consequently lacking, and to one who has read all four plays of Mr. Phillips it appears unhappily evident that *The Sin of David* is inferior in movement to *Ulysses,* even as this must rank below *Herod,* nor is it equal in pathos to *Paolo and Francesca.* There are passages in the play which would drag in presentation, and the very portion in which the keynote of the drama is struck, Lisle's death-doom of Joyce for the same "sin" which he himself is later to commit, is far too tedious. Nor is the author altogether successful in his most striking symbolic passage, which occurs at the close of the second act, where Lisle, who has just set Mardyke "in the forefront of the hottest battle," chances to open his victim's own Bible to the very passage which records the deed of David. One might praise this curtain, it is true, did it not recall with too strong a contrast the third scene of the third act of Mr. Phillips's own play on Paolo, where the doomed pair read together in the arbour of the love of Lancelot for Guinevere.

The strong act of the play is unquestionably the third and last. The passion of guilt is over, and Lisle and Miriam—now his wife—watch the infant Hubert that is the symbol both of their glory and their "sin." Affectionately they dispute as to which has the greater part in him, but vengeance follows close on joy, and the child is stricken suddenly and dies, while Lisle, in his anguish, reveals to Miriam his connivance at Mardyke's death. Her recoil of horror is but momentary, and then, in the sincerest and most truly dramatic portion of all the play, realising that the child's death binds them with a closer bond than any earthly tie, they pass slowly hand in hand to the inner chamber where the little body lies.

Mr. Phillips is justly regarded not only as a dramatist, but as a poet. In *The Sin of David* the versification is noticeably different from that in the author's earlier dramas, and he here permits himself a wider license in the construction of his pentameter, not always, it must be confessed, to the improvement of his older style. Nevertheless, although the purple patches are, comparatively speaking, few and far between, the play contains more than one example of the richness which characterises as much of *Paolo and Francesca* and of *Herod* as in the lines,

> "Her face was close to me, and dimmed the world,"

or again,

> "A woman's peace,
> It hath all fire in it, and burneth white,"

while in the closing lines of the drama we hear once more the poet and the playwright who sang of the love of Paolo for Francesca, of Herod's madness for the Mariamne he had slain, and of the Ulysses who hastened from Calypso's magic isle to "gaunt Ithaca's" sea-lashed crags, when the English David murmurs to his Bathsheba:

> "Miriam, it seems that now for the first time
> We two are joined together, man and wife.
> * * * * *
> Our former marriage, though by holy bell
> And melody of lifted voices blest,
> Was yet in madness of the blood conceived,
> And born of murder: therefore is the child
> Withdrawn, that we might feel the sting of flesh
> Corruptible; yet he in that withdrawal,
> Folded upon the bosom of the Father,
> Hath joined us in a marriage everlasting;
> Marriage at last of spirit, not of sense,
> Whose ritual is memory and repentance,
> Whose sacrament this deep and mutual wound,
> Whose covenant the all that might have been.
> * * * * *
> We by bereavement henceforth are betrothed,
> Folded by aspirations unfulfilled,
> And clasped by irrecoverable dreams."

Louis H. Gray.

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II.

GEORG GRONAN'S "TITIAN."*

The charm in reading of the painters of the fifteenth century is found in the picturesque conditions under which the foremost men often worked, and the glimpses we have into the social life of the time and the ways of princes. It is diverting in looking over this life of Titian to note the eagerness with which emperors, dukes and bishops sought his services for the embellishment of their States or churches, and their occasional jealousies and impatience at the delays resulting from conflicting commissions. There is much of this entertaining gossip in this monograph by Georg Gronan, and it establishes a certain effective *milieu* for the story of the great man's life, and adds much to its interest. This volume also has the element that is always now looked for in the re-told stories of the old masters—it is quite up to date in its attributions. The various opinions concerning the identity of certain Giorgiones and Titians are given again, carried farther, and some attributions changed. Art history from time to time is being re-written, modern thought, intuition, and keen technical instinct, as well as knowledge, are all being brought to the service of this history, with the result that scarcely a year passes that does not change the authorship of some masterpiece. This is but natural when the Crowes and Cavalcaselles, Morrellis, and Berensons, bring to light the results of their lucubrations. So, it comes to pass, that on the whole we are undoubtedly nearing a juster estimate of the painters of the past, although as undoubtedly mistakes are still being made.

It is on this side of the question that books like the present one are of service, besides presenting a graphic story of some distinguished life once lived. The side on which their usefulness does not seem to increase or greatly enlighten is that of a new word concerning the technical performances of great colourists, draughtsmen and virile painters. But this lapse Gronan has in common with others who write of artists and their work.

A description of a picture is not criticism, the title given and the story, told in a work of art is not appreciation of a painter's masterly control of composition, drawing, and the resources of colour; so, such books as these become, in a sense, a kind of superior guide-book to galleries, palaces and churches, but they are not quite what a student or a connoisseur would desire when wishing to be enlightened on the methods, ways and practices of a master painter. We read in the chapter entitled Titian's Technique: "There can be no doubt that he never drew much, and so the number of drawings by his hand that are known scarcely exceed a dozen. Many more than this are attributed to him in public collections, but a large portion of these sketches come from his imitator, Domenico Campagnola. Among the few that are Titian's, not one can be described as an exact copy from a model in the academic school sense. The figures are laid in without definite outline, while shading is given in hasty cross-hatching." This is a somewhat amateurish statement concerning a great painter's intention in a broad and significant sketch; but this is what goes largely to the making of monographs on artists, and it is mainly on this that the public is dependent for its knowledge of painters and their work.—This is no new fact, nor does this particular book differ from most in the matter. It is a matter, however, for deprecation in art writing generally. What might not such a subject become in the hands of a savant in the particular art of which Titian was so brilliant an exponent? The mere details of his life, the princes he wrought for, the pictures he produced, these are facts of historical interest, but to record these at length, however divertingly, is not all that the public is entitled to when it opens a book that bears the magic name of Titian! When will these tasks be entrusted to hands that are prepared to give more than historical and chronological data entertainingly presented? The appreciation of a great artist presupposes an aptitude to analyse his means, to definitely characterise his technique for the benefit of the layman who would learn. When a great man has passed his life in the pursuit of a great art one looks for a Fromentin or an R. A. M. Stevenson

*Titian. By Georg Gronan. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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to do for him what those critics did, respectively, for the Dutch masters and Velasquez. We cannot have too much of such appreciations, but to have even much is perhaps asking a great deal. This wish is not in depreciation of the present book, which is excellent of its kind. It is a handsome octavo, copiously ilustrated with fifty odd half-tones, and containing a rich bibliography, a full list of pictures, and a careful index. Among the half-tones, a portrait of Isabella of Portugal, one of the so-called "Young Englishmen," or Duke of Norfolk, portrait of Titian, and "The Education of Cupid" are particularly successful.

Frank Fowler.

III.

Maurice Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany."*

Somewhere in the pages of *The Road in Tuscany*, Maurice Hewlett quoting from Villani's *History of Florence*, tersely dismisses it as "a charming story, which gives one as much insight into the good Villani as into Florentine beginnings." The critical reader clings to this phrase and mentally makes it over to fit the coiner of it; for *The Road in Tuscany* also is one of those rare books having charm, and one which gives no less insight into Mr. Hewlett than into the hearts of all the dead and living Tuscans of whom he writes. It is safe to say that when the time comes to judge the life-work of Maurice Hewlett in its entirety, two volumes which his future biographer cannot afford to neglect will be *The Queen's Quair* and *The Road in Tuscany*,—the first, because it is the crowning achievement of a unique method in historical romance; the second, because it gives the key to the peculiar workings of the mind which wrought that method. The chief distinction which marks Mr. Hewlett's novels as a thing apart from the work of his contemporaries, something differing both in quality and in kind from all that passes currently as historical fiction, is his inimitable trick of breathing the breath of life into the men and women of history, whose hearts have been for centuries a handful of dust; making you feel the human pulse-beat still throbbing under the yellowed leaves and faded writings of musty chronicles; discovering in cracked and time-dimmed portraits some trick of glance, some luring curve of lips, some coquetry of dress or ornament that makes the human frailty of these long dead women a living thing, to touch us with a personal appeal. A war that cost the flower of the land, a battle that changed the map of Europe, interest Mr. Hewlett the novelist only as clues to the hearts of the men and women in high places whose whim begot the strife. Who cares whether his Richard Yea-and-Nay, or his Mary Queen of Scots are the Richard or the Mary of history? He has made them living realities, tingling with exuberant vitality, the victims of their own tumultuous desires. And what he has done for kings and queens in fiction he has tried to do in a more restrained fashion for the worthy citizens of the Tuscan republics, in his new volume which claims only to be a "companion of travel and a leisurely, sententious commentary on the country."

It would be easy to point out at great length the interest which *The Road in Tuscany* would have for an imaginary biographer of Mr. Hewlett, the light it would throw upon its author's tastes and prejudices, his enthusiasm and his intolerance. But the majority of readers who make this book one of their companions on a winter's tour through Italy will care but little for its personal side; they will not even care greatly whether it is literature, excepting so far as its charm of style makes it easy reading. But they will care very much for whatever it has to offer them in the way of knowledge, advice, insight into the life and character of the Tuscan people. In point of fact, the same quality which makes Mr. Hewlett's novels unique is the main source of all the practical value which his *Road in Tuscany* possesses. It is almost an axiom that we must look to the novelists for ideal books of travel; for they alone have been trained to keep their eyes eternally open for the one thing which makes a traveller's book something more than a time-table and a street directory,—the pulse of human life. Mr. Hewlett's one

*The Road in Tuscany. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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fault, regarded as a cicerone, is that he gives us life in superabundance; he gives it to us often at the cost of other things which we are loth to sacrifice. Now guide-books, the very best of them, while they make excellent servants, are bad masters, Mr. Hewlett's not excepted. And it would be as great a misfortune to the tourist who placed himself unreservedly in Mr. Hewlett's hands as to him who gapes in servile and unintelligent admiration at every fresco and bas-relief that is double-starred in *Baedeker*. For his part, the author has a scorn, deep-seated and unreasoning, for the familiar little red-covered handbooks,—a scorn surpassed only by his hostility to picture galleries and to railroads; and Herr Baedeker's partiality to both of these condemns him. To Mr. Hewlett, the greatest of galleries, even the Uffizi itself, means but so many "leagues of imprisoned pictures, torn from their sometime homes and flowering-places and pinned to the walls. . . . They belong to the Holy of Holies, and here they are, brazening it out like tavern signs." As for the railroad it is "an intolerable apparatus of iron, smoke and noise, . . . and wherever it has stayed there has leaked out of it over town or village some poisonous breath, as it were, to kill every natural thing."

Accordingly, if you are to enjoy Mr. Hewlett's company, you will not travel by rail, but along the country roads, since "you cannot learn the ways of a country except by keeping to its ways." You will find him the best of companions when furthest from towns and cities, passing along flowery lanes, through village after village with soft, musical names that find no record on the average map. But in Pisa, in Sienna, above all in Florence, he will alternately charm and exasperate you, will amuse with the freshness of his point of view, antagonise with the dogmatic cocksureness of his judgments. History, art, literature are to him only so many "short cuts to the human heart," in Italy or out of it; while "to talk of a history of Tuscany, is to talk nonsense." The most he will concede to any of the Tuscan towns is "a biography which is the sum of all the biographies of all its unknown citizens." These worthy burghers and thrifty housewives, the Donna Berta and Ser Martino of Dante, are more to him than all the poets and painters that Italy can boast. "Learn," he preaches, "to look upon cities, great buildings, pompous monuments, gilded altar-pieces, carved Madonnas, as so much harvest for the eye, neither the best nor the worst. The best is a wise man or a pretty woman, the worst a railway or a bore. There is plenty of room between these extremes for altar-pieces." Yes, men delight Mr. Hewlett; aye, and women too, pretty women especially, and smilingly he confesses it. He will at any time interrupt himself, in the midst of more important matters, to show you a girl in a window, "leaning her bare arms there and crying strangely intimate matter to another across two streets, singing the pretty names of things not pretty, caressing her friend from afar." And at a turn of the page, you will find him chatting with equal relish and equal intimate assurance of Dante's Beatrice, no symbol of theology in his eyes but a real, living woman, with a personal and physical appeal, a woman capable of love and of jealousy too. "Who she was or what, is no matter. . . . It is enough for us to be sure that she was lovely and good, had green eyes, and died young. To which I add for my private contentation, —that she was a little woman."

Those three lines might stand as a sort of symbol for Mr. Hewlett's whole study of Tuscany. Of all that has been said and written on Florentine art, and literature and life, the greater part, he will tell you, does not matter. It is enough, for him at least, to be sure that it possesses certain good and beautiful qualities, which he points out in passages that possess a contagious enthusiasm. Florence, too, is dead, "frozen, cold as saints in their feretories; to be worshipped, but not loved." To which he adds, for his private contentation, that Florence was, even in her glorious days, a small city,—too small ever to hold a place among the world powers, too small to rise to the dignity of a "flag-and-trumpet history." It has long been the glory of Florence that she raised the standards of the very trades and handicrafts to the dignity of an art, by developing the workman's personal pride in his handiwork, and festering the magic of the individual touch. Mr. Hewlett, by a curious and perhaps unconscious perversity, chooses to see

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something of the work-bench and the bargain-counter even in the highest of the Florentine arts. Here is a typical passage:

"Boccaccio and Sacchetti were little priests; Giotto was a goatherd; Benozzo, Ghirlandajo, Lucca della Robbia, Mino, Desiderio, Pollajuolo—of what kindred were these but of Donna Berta's and Ser Martino's? They kept shops and worked in them the livelong day; they spun their wares out of their heads and bargained for them. A patron comes in to command a picture; hear them chaffer it out. Madonna with the Bimbo on her knees—so much; blue cloak, crimson robe—so much; Sant' Antonio on one side. San Giovanni on t'other, *Angiolino* with a lute on the steps of the throne—so much. . . . It was an affair of the yard measure and the scales, you perceive—and why, in Heaven's name, should it not be? What man of genius was ever the worse for being honest?"

It is in passages like this that Mr. Hewlett occasionally has the effect on one's nerves as of fine sand-paper,—especially if your æsthetic sense has been properly cultivated and you have some interest in "technique and such frippery." But although his views on art and architecture will often set your teeth on edge; though he exalts Ghirlandajo almost alone among the Florentines, for no tangible reason save to differ from Ruskin and Mr. Berenson; though he dismisses the Giotto frescoes as "very extraordinary, very great, and very shocking pale masterpieces," and flippantly sums up a Del Sarto Madonna as "a handsome slut, sitting, arm akimbo, on a sack of meal:" yet you have only to turn the page, and follow him out from Florence along any of the winding ways, to forget that he has ever jarred upon you. You have only to listen to what he has to say of Sienna, "floating over her green down like a scarf of cloud;" of Radicofani, "a pale cone of rock, wrapped deep in a thunder-cloud;" of Cortona, "littered down her hillside like a disused cemetery;" of Massa Maratima, "winding about hers like a spiral staircase,"—to feel that here indeed is an indispensable companion on your rambles in the Tuscan hills. Flippant he is, at times, perverse, even arrogant: but he understands the Tuscans, and he loves them,—"the most alert, charming, intelligent, curious people in Europe." And henceforth, whoever goes to Florence without *The Road in Tuscany* goes but half equipped.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IV.

Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman."*

In strict justice a reviewer may say a good deal in praise of a book like *The Leopard's Spots* or *The Clansman,* but he must begin with a preliminary apology for so doing. Or, on the other hand, he may damn it with all his heart and strength, and be quite honest, so long as he impresses sufficiently on the reader the extenuating circumstances. But there must always be the apology. So *The Clansman* may be summed up as a very poor novel, a very ridiculous novel, not a novel at all, yet a novel with a great deal to it; a novel which very properly is going to interest many thousands of readers, of all degrees of taste and education, a book which will be discussed from all points of view, voted superlatively good and superlatively bad, but which will be read, and that, to be sure, is to author, publisher, and reader the main point in what we might term "little business" literature. The Reverend Mr. Gregory will unquestionably have a number of fine phrases for it the next time he writes about the "ten" or the "twenty-five" greatest books in the world's literature; extremists of another sort will point to it with ineffable scorn as one more indication of the flatness and fatuousness of our literature and the utter futility of trying to do anything to elevate the taste of the American reading public; and nothing can be said to alter in the least one view or the other.

There was a story going about two or three years ago that in the original manuscript of *The Leopard's Spots* the author brought his narrative to an end by casually blowing up the Capitol at Washington, and no one who read that book or who reads *The Clansman* will be inclined to regard the yarn with any great scepticism. It may not have been so, but

*The Clansman. By Thomas Dixon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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there is no reason why it should not have been so. In his pictures of the fearful condition of a certain part of the South during the Reconstruction period, under the domination of negroes and carpet-baggers, Mr. Dixon is undoubtedly writing with great sincerity, candour, even self-restraint. On this point one cannot afford to treat him with the slightest levity. It is a big subject to him, something very near to his heart, and through it all there is the ring of truth and honesty and hot-eyed indignation. It is in the details, the accessories of his story that he so ingenuously and naïvely shakes off the trammels of conventional probability. A little anachronism of a few centuries does not disturb him in the least, and if in his next story he sees fit to introduce Robin Hood, and the Man in the Iron Mask, and Joan of Arc as participants in a North Carolina plantation chorus, we promise to accept them without protest or astonishment.

On its serious side *The Clansman* shows a spirit which all of us like to feel reflects the New South—the feeling that whatever the merits of the great struggle for secession, its outcome was for the best. And on the other hand the North to-day will realise with shame and indignation the absurdity and cruelty of the policy which treated certain States as conquered provinces, which disfranchised thousands and turned the administration of local government over to negroes and white adventurers. Lincoln is shown in the light of his tardy recognition as the South's best friend, working in the face of the most bitter and bigoted opposition to bring the whole nation together in harmony. The evil genius of the story is Austin Stoneman, "the Great Commoner," a character whom many will say was drawn from Thaddeus Stevens. As in *The Leopard's Spots*, the best and most dramatic chapters of *The Clansman* are those which deal with the organisation and the methods of the Ku-Klux Klan. The book is an avowed attempt to develop the story of this conspiracy, to defend it as the inevitable step that had to be taken to bring order out of chaos and to save the home of the southern white from oppression and outrage. There is a grim power and mystery in the pages which treat of the first appearance of the Clansmen, roused to frenzy by the terrible fate of Marion Lenoir, which is not to be obscured by any eccentricities and exaggerations of style.

Of the stories of Mr. Dixon's books the less said the better. The one tribute that can be paid them is that it must take a mind somewhat out of the ordinary to construct such superlatively bad ones. Once upon a time there came into a magazine office a manuscript most beautifully bound with pink ribbons. It is not necessary to speak of this manuscript at length. Sufficient to say that it told of the wooing of the maid by the young minister and that on a certain Sunday evening, after he had taken tea at her home, he was escorting her again to church. He felt that the hour had come, and in a voice that was probably soft and passionate, said: "Miss Cynthia, would that I might take tea with you always." To which the maid, being coy, made grave reply: "Do you mean that you wish to obtain board of my aunt?" The young clergyman solemnly said "No," and proceeded to make his real meaning clear. A typical bit of Dixonian dialogue. Dixonian situation, hero and heroine.

Firmin Dredd.

V.

Burton E. Stevenson's "The Marathon Mystery."*

Mr. Stevenson's *The Marathon Mystery* is far and away a better story than his *Holladay Case*. With it the author has stepped at once to the front rank among American writers of detective tales. It is a yarn with genuine thrills, a yarn that will cause the most steady-nerved, while reading, to start at sudden shadows and exaggerate unexplained noises, and that, after all, is a pretty good test of one kind of a detective story. In a general way *The Marathon Mystery* belongs to the type that Anna Katharine Green introduced to us ten or fifteen years ago with *The Leavenworth Case* and *Behind Closed Doors*. It is written or at least constructed backwards. The writer plans the last half dozen chapters

*The Marathon Mystery. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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of the book, mapping out the vital complications and every detail of what happened in the room in Chapter One or Two of the story. With this well in hand the first two or three hundred pages may safely be given over to mystifying the reader by the introduction of new people and episodes, false clues and by diverting suspicion from one character to another, while keeping the real culprit well in the background. The very simplicity of the formula makes the dearth of good detective stories the more amazing.

As a story *The Marathon Mystery* is as good as *Behind Closed Doors, That Mainwaring Affair* or *The Leavenworth Case.* It does not keep you so long in the dark so far as picking out the villain is concerned; but the English is better and cleaner cut, the love passages are never maudlin, there is throughout more dignity and sense, and the book shows a far wider knowledge of the logical technique of detective fiction. Mr. Stevenson knows his "Purloined Letter" and his *Affaire Lerouge* and *Crime d'Orcival.* Perhaps Mrs. Rohlfs does also, but she has not as yet convinced us on this point. There is just one feature about *The Marathon Mystery* with which the present reviewer wishes to express dissatisfaction. At times the people do not talk like New Yorkers at all. The reporter is not a New York reporter. The slang is not the slang of any one year of New York, but a strange jargon of the incongruous expressions and phrases which have found the way into print as having emanated from New York during the past ten or twelve years. But this, after all, is a feature of the book of relative unimportance. And so being, it is perhaps hypercritical to dwell upon it in a story otherwise so good, and so generous in the number, nature, and variety of its thrills as *The Marathon Mystery.* *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

VI.

O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings."*

With his stories of life in the Central American republics Mr. Henry is seriously threatening the supremacy of Mr. Richard Harding Davis in a field in which for several years the more widely known writer has been absolutely alone. There is no resemblance whatever between *Soldiers of Fortune* and *Captain Macklin* and *Cabbages and Kings* as stories, but in their point of view and general impressions of the strange countries about which they write the two authors are much alike. One of Mr. Henry's absconding Latin-American presidents might readily be fitted, orders, uniform, accent, braggadocio and all, into any chapter of *Soldiers of Fortune.* Keogh, the genial tin-type man of *Cabbages and Kings,* is a near relation to MacWilliams. The American Consul, the gentlemanly adventurer clamouring for a concession, the fakirs and hucksters of the United States, of France and Germany and England, the exiled bank presidents under a cloud, the promoters of revolutions and the derelict drunkards—these people you find in O. Henry's pages and they are much the same as in the pages of Mr. Davis. They are portrayed with much humour and sympathy and keenness, and behind them you are made to see that wonderful background of white beach and waving palm trees and sunshine and flowers and fruit and dirt and discomfort; you are made to feel all the heat and disorder and squalor, and to understand with perfect sympathy the American or European who looks out over the dancing blue waters and longs wistfully for "God's Country."

Cabbages and Kings is a book of very unusual interest and cleverness. The general popularity will necessarily be limited by the fact that it is essentially a man's book—above all the kind of man who at some time of his life has felt the nostalgia strong upon him and yearned to slake his thirst with the drinks of home. At first sight the book seems to be merely a strung-together series of sketches, introducing various characters and episodes, each to be read for its own sake, and having little connection with those which precede and follow it. It is not until the very end that the reader realises that there has been an actual mystery throughout, and learns that it was not President Miraflores running away with all the available money of the Anchurian treasury who was caught and who blew his brains out in the hotel at Coralio, and

*Cabbages and Kings. By O. Henry. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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that it was not the notorious Isabel Guilbert, the companion of the President on his flight, whom Frank Goodwin made his wife. Then for the first time are understood countless allusions and innuendoes, and certain characters of whom it was impossible entirely to approve stand out in a more favourable light. A number of the chapters might be taken bodily from the book and held up as admirable examples of short-story telling. For instance, "The Shamrock and the Palm." Had Mr. Henry written nothing but this tale, he would by virtue of these thirty pages demand serious consideration. If *Cabbages and Kings* were not good all through, the story of Clancy's triumphant retaliation on General de Vega would make the book worth reading.

Stanhope Searles.

THE "SCAB"

Yozio was going to America. He had finished telling Marynia his plans for their future and was waiting for her to say something either for or against his plans. Her silence troubled him. She sat silent, holding his hand, occasionally pressing it convulsively, while gazing steadily, far away at the line of mist slowly rising in the valley. At last weary of awaiting a reply, Yozio returned to his argument.

"But think, heart's sweetness! 'Tis but a flea bite of time—three years; and who knows, maybe two. Had I the money, think thou I would leave thee? Three years is not a lifetime,—and when one loves!"

Marynia pressed his hand again, as she whispered in echo, "When one loves."

"But, Kitten," he continued, "how else? There is the father and mother, and I the only son. On the farm I have worked early and late these last years, and what saved—sixty rubles. The mortgage is fifteen hundred rubles. That paid, I can marry you and we can be content, with a corner for the father and mother to spare.

"Will your uncle give Marynia, and I in debt? 'Tis the father's farm and his debt, but he will give me the farm when I marry, so if I can free it from debt I can claim you for myself.

"In three years I can do this, and then, my heart's own,—think! Our happiness! You and I."

"I should not mind, dear heart," she replied at last, "if it was not that America. It is so far away. I have heard Father Pokorny say, 'America ruins our young men.' Jano Garloski went, and who knows of him now? It is a cursed country; they go and go, but not to return."

"But listen, Marynia. Father Pokorny said I was right, and to go quickly while I was young. He will help me to get my papers. His is a good heart. 'Go,' he said to me, 'get the money, and soon as you have it come back and marry Marynia; our village needs new families.'"

"Be shamed thou! But tell truly did he say go?"

"He did surely, also as soon as I got the money to come back or he would curse me. He was kind and gave much good advice."

"And are you sure, Yozio, it will be only three years?" Marynia asked after a long silence. "Will it be safe for you there? Think, if you were to be in ill-health and I far away. Yozio! Yozio! I can't let you go from me."

"Well, then, I stay," he answered quietly.

"No, no! It is wicked of me to keep you. I see it is best. I ought to cheer you, my brave good heart, not scold you; but when one loves,— Go with good heart, I will wait till you come for me, no matter how long. But, see, the moon is going, it is getting late. Good-night, till to-morrow."

She withdrew toward the house, while facing Yozio.

"But how is this?" he cried, catching her round the waist. She struggled coquettishly a moment, and then pressed her lips to his in a passionate kiss. He had kissed her before, and she had per-

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mitted, but this was her kiss, warm, living — a kiss of loving surrender of her whole self. It thrilled Yozio like wine, but ere he could return it she had fled, leaving him bereft of motion,—amazed. No words could have so told him the depth of her love.

He turned slowly down the road to his own home. The mist, now risen to his knees, seemed like the ocean he was soon to cross. As he reached his door, he paused a moment before entering, and, gazing upward at the stars, he breathed in rapture, "Ei! When one loves!"

* * * * *

In the village some fifteen miles below Opolic, where Yozio Checuski lived, it was soon known to all that he was going to America.

On Sunday there was to be a farewell meeting at Checuski's farm, and that same evening Yozio would set off by cart to Opolic, where he would meet Michael Kosack, the Notary, who handled all the emigration from this district. From Opolic, Yozio would be sent to Warsaw with others, and so to Hamburg by rail, to be shipped away.

All the youths and maidens of the village, as well as a good portion of older folk, attracted variously, by friendship, sympathy, or curiosity, assembled at Checuski's farm to bid the young man good speed.

It was a joyous afternoon, and when time came to start good wishes and embraces came quick and fast. Marynia strove hard to keep back her tears, though now and then one welled over and strayed down her cheek. Yozio embraced her warmly, and kissed, whispering, "Be true, Kitten!"

Leaping to the cart, he took his seat alongside Father Pokorny, who was to ride part way with him, and looked back lovingly at Marynia, while the driver with a "Hup! hup!" clattered away.

For some time Father Pokorny and Yozio rode in silence. Both were deep in thought. At last Father Pokorny said gently, "Yozio, art listening?"

"I listen, Father," he murmured, miserably.

"Be of good heart, brave lad. All will be well and we will pray for you and your safe return. Those Americans are not so bad. As you can write well, forget not to do so to me. Should you be fortunate, forget not our Church; 'tis a shame to the good God, our altar cloth. At the hill I shall leave thee. Kneel while I bless."

In the cart, swaying, Yozio knelt and Father Pokorny prayed for the youth. After the benediction, as Yozio rose, Father Pokorny handed him some money, saying as he did so, "I give thee. Thou hast not over much; besides, it can be returned if all is well with thee when thou art back."

"I do not need, Father," said Yozio. "Were it not better to keep for the altar cloth?"

"Ei! Good lad," said Father Pokorny, kissing him. "Wer't ever my best. Tfui! But what is a blessing without gifts! Keep it, I say. Here I get down."

Halting the cart, he alighted. "Be in peace," he called as the cart moved on, and Yozio, cap in hand, saw his last friend and best fade in the distance. Truly, now, he was alone, and much afraid.

At Warsaw, after the long ride from Opolic, he was joined by others, all going like he to that land of fortune and promise. Michael Kosack drilled them like schoolboys over answers to officials, and especially about what they were to say when they arrived in America. At Hamburg, he added, you will be told just what to do, and be sure and do it, or you will be sent back. Yozio was surprised on hearing that he had an uncle in Freeland, Pennsylvania, named Venefski, at least he was told so. He wondered what this Venefski uncle would be like many times, as he ran over the answers to the questions that would be asked him later, but that awful ship and the fierce surging water drove all these things from his mind.

Day succeeded day. The odour of the ship nauseated him, and drove him to the deck, and there the never ending expanse of water turned his heart sick. Most of the time he spent on deck, sick, weak and frightened, feeling he was being hurried to destruction. Many laughed at him, others cursed him, for a coward—how could they understand?

One morning some one cried "Land!" Could it be possible, he wondered, that that hazy blue streak against the sky was land. He gazed for hours at it, fascinated. Night fell again, but still Yozio

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watched, doubting. The next morning he could see it was land. Other ships were dotted here and there on the water. Soon the land came so near on either side that people could be seen, and trees, grass and strange-looking houses. In front of the ship, where the water broadened out again, rose a great statue on an island, while beyond spread a vast city. Boats of strange shape darted about, reminding him of the big insects on his native river, Vistula, in summer. Truly, here was America, what a pig's head he had been to fear.

With hundreds of others of various nations, Yozio soon found himself under official scrutiny. Out of this ordeal Yozio came with but little trouble. His questions were answered readily, thanks to Michael Kosack and a good memory, and then, with his bundles, he was tumbled with many more into a boat and turned over to the railroad company.

Of the remainder of his journey by rail to his destination Yozio could remember but little. It was such a jumble of amaze, blunders, strangeness, and that fearful language, till he was discharged with his belongings at a dingy station with a number of others, mostly Slovaks and Magyars.

Helpless and wondering, Yozio stood on the platform looking about till he heard his name, Yozio Checuski, called out by a well-dressed man. This person called thrice before Yozio realised it must be himself was wanted.

Stepping forward, he asked, "Who calls? I am Checuski."

The stranger walked up to him, saying, "God's blood! A fine lad. I am Venefski. You come to me."

"My uncle!" exclaimed Yozio. And then, after a pause, "Do we embrace?"

Venefski seemed puzzled a moment, then laughed loudly, "Oi! Yes! Your uncle! Good, dogs' blood! Uncle, Ho! Ho! Well, come, my new nephew; come with me. I will care for you."

It was indeed a strange country Yozio had come to. All round as far as the eye could reach were hills, jumbled anyhow. Not in orderly ranks like the mountains at home, but piled without order or plan, here, there, and everywhere. The trees had been cut off the hillsides, and the short undergrowth had been burned in patches, till the hillsides resembled the flanks of a mangy dog. Scattered among the hills were queer buildings that rose high in the air for a hundred feet or more, while one side slanted down to the ground. Near these were great heaps of black earth, and along the tops of some of these ran small cars pulled about by mules.

For some days Yozio looked about him, all eyes. He soon learned that these queer buildings and bare black heaps of dirt were connected with coal mines, that were scattered all about this country. He even picked up some words of the language. His own name was to be John seemingly, at least every one called him John.

Venefski found him work in a few days, in the mines, naturally. He was a helper, and had to gather and load coal into the cars after the miner had brought it down with his blasts. It did not require much teaching. The pay was big to Yozio when he had with some difficulty converted dollars into rubles. Venefski had taken all the ready money he had brought with him. To Yozio it had seemed a vast sum, and he was horrified when Venefski told him he owed still more.

Yozio suffered much abuse, mostly in silence. It was so strange this America, and Tfui! how one was robbed.

He soon picked up enough English for his needs and also he joined a union. He did not rightly understand why he should pay to join, but all did it he was told, and he would not be allowed to work without being a union man. He kept much to himself. The Poles he met were not from his parts, besides they laughed at his ways and simplicity.

About a year after his arrival he met Garloski. He was a bad one at home, and had run away after some trouble about a girl in the village. Garloski was much older than Yozio, and his wickedness was only a reputation Yozio had heard. He was a witty rogue, and how he could sing the dear songs of the country side. They wept and embraced when they first found each other out. Little by little, Yozio told his story to a sympathetic hearer. Garloski would weep when half drunk, and cry, "Before God! but that Marynia is a pearl. Thou art a Jew with thy money, but, charm on a dog! I will not reproach, true heart. Let

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me help thee," and he would offer Yozio money.

"Am I a beggar?" Yozio would reply. "I will not take."

"Well, then, drink."

"No more."

"To thy Marynia? Ei! To the pearl of maidens."

Then Yozio would relent and drink again with him.

Garloski's influence on Yozio was bad, all bad, but he was the only person Yozio really knew or cared for. Did he not come from the same village? What would you?

By this time Yozio had a good number of rubles laid away in spite of the (to him) frightful expense of living. Several times he had written to Marynia and Father Pokorny, and after long investigation about sending money home, and getting more and more confused the further he investigated, a draft on Warsaw was his choice till he found he had to pay the money here for a bit of paper. If he paid his money here how was it to get to Warsaw? Truly a muddle!

Yozio took his troubles to the priest. He had not been conspicuous in attendance to religious matters, at least, not after a few months' residence. He expected a scolding, and was slightly suspicious because he did not get one, but the Father was so kind and gentle with him and explained things so clearly, offering to superintend the purchase of the draft as well, that Yozio gratefully accepted his help.

Two drafts were purchased, one for five hundred rubles and another for sixty, both payable to Father Pokorny.

When the precious papers were handed to Yozio by the Father, with words of commendation for his thrift, Yozio offered a dollar to the priest.

"I make no charge for such service," said the Father, smiling. "Come to the church. Let me see you at Mass, and I shall be well paid."

"But for your poor," stammered Yozio. He felt there was a slight reproof in the words, though kindly spoken; yet it was custom at home to give when you asked favours.

"For my poor, I thank you, my son. Be in peace," said the Father, as he took the proffered money.

The composition of his letter to Father Pokorny occupied Yozio several evenings, but at last it was finished to his satisfaction. Five hundred rubles he enclosed to be given his mother, and the sixty were for the altar cloth of the village church.

The next year Yozio was able to save eight hundred rubles, an unheard-of munificence; sixty more for the altar cloth. He wrote in a hopeful strain, and declared the next year would see him starting on his return journey.

By the spring of this third year Yozio had saved enough to make up his fifteen hundred rubles needed. He but lacked his money for the expenses of the voyage, and what he wished to have to buy presents and things for his home; when came the strike in the anthracite coal fields.

Yozio had seldom attended the meetings of his union, and came in contact with few of the powers that ruled, except when paying his dues. These payments he regarded as a sort of toll, or license to work, and since one must pay, why pay.

The addresses made at the meetings he did attend in English he understood little or nothing, while the arguments in Polish he could not rightly make out, except some wanted to work less hours, and all wanted more pay.

More pay he was willing to get, of course; but could he have worked night and day he would have done so; but he found nature has limits. The Polish delegate assured him it was all right. All he had to do was to vote strike, and more pay would instantly materialise.

It was accomplished. Day by day Yozio sat in idleness, waiting. He was led to believe the union would pay the men while idle, but when he applied for benefits they scoffed at him. Many had learned of his saving habits, and he was informed sternly that strike benefit was for the destitute only. Much was said to him of the good to come from the strike, but none could say when or how long. In the meantime, he saw his carefully hoarded savings being used for daily expenses. He felt he had been cheated, drawn into it somehow against his will, and was full of anger when he left the hall and strode to his room, muttering, "But wait! We shall see! Am I a fool to sit idle because these wish? I do not wish! To the crows with them, I work."

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Straightway he donned his working clothes and sought the superintendent at the mine. Some of the pickets accosted him, but seeing the anger blaze in his eyes, stepped aside, contenting themselves with howling insults after him.

He turned once and shouted to them, "Howl, dog brothers! I spit on you! Liars! Come near me and I will crack your bones."

He had no difficulty in finding work. The superintendent welcomed such a sturdy recruit. There was much to do around the mine, and the pay was double what he received as a helper. He was lodged and fed inside the stockade erected round the workings, and had no need to go forth, in fact, was advised not to, though he failed to see whence the danger. The strike was a success from the workers' point of view. Mine after mine shut down, difficulty was found in keeping the mines from flooding, so short-handed were the few in authority. Yozio proved invaluable. Never tired, ready to do anything asked, quick to learn and reliable. He became in a few weeks an indispensable man, and was paid accordingly. To him it was a harvest time. No dues to pay to a union; no one to tell him how many hours he should work or what rate of pay he should get. Free to do as he liked, and work at whatever he was told, regardless of rules, while the pay kept rolling up so easily; it seemed to him that the strike could not last too long.

After three months his pay became a worry to him, and he sought permission to go out for a day on his own affairs.

The boss, who had quite a liking for this sturdy Pole, so unlike the average of his kind, first refused. He pointed out to Yozio the risk he ran if he was recognised by his fellow-workers on strike. At this Yozio laughed, and balled his great fist, saying, "I give dat."

"Will you come back if I let you go?" asked the boss.

"Sure thing! Me no liar, lika Union." There was a ring in his voice that was true, even though his language was uncouth.

"Well, to-morrow you can go for the day," replied the boss; "but be careful about what I tell you, and don't show yourself in the town."

The next evening Yozio dressed himself, and scaling the fence at the rear of the breaker, with the consent of the guard, he struck over the hill through the undergrowth, and, making a circuit, came into town at the furthest point from the seat of trouble. He walked to Jeddo, and took the train to Hazelton from there. No one bothered him. All the strikers round the various towns were dressed in their best, that is to say, none had their working clothes on, so Yozio passed naturally enough for a striker where he was not known.

Reaching Hazelton, he spent the rest of the night there, and in the morning purchased his precious drafts. The banker he did business with, scenting more, tried hard to sell him his passage ticket. Yozio had not removed his button that was fastened to his coat at the beginning of the strike. Not that he intended to deceive, but it was pretty with its attached ribbon, and he wore it as a sort of ornament. The banker, seeing it, naturally argued, while there was no work he might be induced to take a trip home, as many others had already done. It was an alluring offer to Yozio. He was sorely tempted to accept it, but he thought of his promise to return to the mine in time, and assured the banker he would go later in the season and surely buy the passage ticket of him. His letter already written, all he had to do was to enclose the drafts and take the letter to the post-office. Seven hundred and fifty rubles was he able to send, with fifty extra for Father Pokorny, and still had enough over to take him back to Poland whenever he chose to go. In the late afternoon he took the train back to Jeddo, intending to return as he had come, via the hillside, but, lost in pleasant reveries, planning his future course at home, Marynia always present in them, he was carried past the station before he realised his destination had been passed. He felt no alarm at being set down in town. His progress had been so easy that he felt the warnings given at the mine were foolish. Unconcernedly he alighted, and started down the street. It was almost dark, and in the poorly lighted street it seemed easy to avoid attention, when suddenly the door of a saloon he was approaching swung open and a man passed out to the sidewalk. This person paused a moment, as if hesitating which way to proceed. Yozio had come so near to this person

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standing irresolute, that he could see it was Garloski. Unthinking, he pressed forward and greeted him, saying, "By my head, but it is good to see you. Is all well with you?"

"With me, 'tis well," replied Garloski, looking at Yozio curiously.

"Well, then, let us drink," said Yozio.

"I drink not with such as you," answered Garloski abruptly, and turned as if to leave.

"Ei! What maggot is biting you? I am not the black death, that you should talk so," said Yozio, detaining him.

"You are a 'scab'! Knowest that?"

"Not so!" hotly replied Yozio. "I am union man, same as you. Such foolishness you talk."

"Tell me," said Garloski, "are you not working at No. 3 when every one else is on strike? Do you know you are kicked out of the union as a 'scab'?"

"Fear God! Is it truth you speak? I work, yes, why not? Did you not yourself say vote for strike, and the union will pay you while idle? What did they tell me after. To the crows with you, said they, spend your own money. You heard."

A smile played over Garloski's face. It was an evil smile, too, but poor Yozio could not read aright, as he replied soothingly, "Checuski, thou art a fool. No matter, thou wert always so. See, I forgive you. Come, we will drink, and I will try to beat it into that wood head of thine why you are wrong. Tfui! But a hard job that."

They entered the saloon together. Many were sitting at tables, and some there knew Yozio. Angry murmurs were heard as soon as he was recognised. Garloski raised his hand to command silence, "It's all right!" he shouted. "Checuski has explained to me. He wants you to drink. Come, what will you have?"

Some rose and walked to the bar, one or two greeted Yozio with a nod of recognition, but a few remained still at the tables and refused to join. To these Garloski went and spoke a few words. One and two at a time drifted carelessly out, while Yozio and his companions drank at the bar. A good hour was spent drinking and talking till very few of the original crowd were left. Garloski would speak a few words now and then to one or two aside, and soon they would saunter carelessly out. At last Garloski said, "I must be going. Good-night."

This caused Yozio to realise it was late. "I too," he called after the retreating Garloski; "wait for me."

Yozio hastened after Garloski, but he had disappeared by the time Yozio reached the street. Not finding him, Yozio turned his steps to No. 3 colliery.

This mine was the furthest from town. You had to follow the main street through the town and a good half mile beyond it to reach the mine. Part of the way, after leaving the town, the road skirted two monster culm heaps, one slightly beyond the other on opposite sides of the road. The guards were round the collieries and through the town, but the few scattered houses in this section were not of importance enough to require much police protection.

Yozio reached the beginning of the first heap without trouble. Here he was confronted by four men, who moved from the shadow of the heap as he approached. Nothing was said by them, and Yozio turned to pass them; they turned also, barring his way. Their meaning was not quite clear to Yozio, unless it was they wanted to fight. Without a word, Yozio elbowed his way between them, and set off at a brisk walk; he had yet a good half mile to go and he began to feel uneasy.

Walk as fast as he liked, the four kept close behind him, and were joined by twos and threes, till there were thirty or forty in a mob. Angry voices now rose in threats and stones and dirt began to fall about him. A large stone, better aimed, hit Yozio in the back as he was passing a shabby little house. In a frenzy of rage, Yozio wrenched away a fence post and stood with his back to the house till his enemies came up to him. In the faint starlight he could see villainous, angry faces surging around him, while oaths and curses were showered on him, though for so many gathered together there was really little noise. They were afraid of an alarm bringing the militia and guards on the run to spoil this baiting.

Stones and dirt flew thick and fast at the lone man. His face was cut open by a jagged bit of slate, and on seeing this the crowd lost control and shouted, "Strike!! Kill!!" Yozio, seeing the weakest part of the semicircle was toward the colliery, swung his post in a circle and sprang at

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the mob, shouting, "To hell! dog brothers!" Four or five went down at his sweep, and he sprang through the mob and up the road, the crowd streaming after him, shouting and cursing, as they ran. Stones, dirt, sticks, a veritable shower of missiles, followed the fleeing man. Still he would have won the day, for lights were twinkling round the colliery, and the shrill whistles of the guards could be heard, as Yozio panted on to his goal, now in sight. A woman ran from a shanty he was passing, thrust a stick between his legs and he was down. Before he could rise the mob swept over him, howling, stamping, kicking, and snarling, like a pack of wolves. A shout was raised, "The Militia!" as the rapid tread of feet was heard, and like a wave the crowd broke, wavered, and melted away even quicker than it had gathered.

The soldiers and the few guards that had joined them paused at the spot where the crowd had scattered. "What's going on here?" asked an officer, as he came running up to them.

"Damned if I know," somebody answered. "Hell was let loose a minute ago, but they have scattered."

"What's this?" asked the officer, pointing to a dark heap in the road. "Bring a light here quick," he added.

They bent over the shapeless mass of rags and dirt curiously.

"This fellow is done for fair," said someone, peering over the shoulders of the bending few. There was silence a moment, then a voice said: "Send for a stretcher and the doctor, quick. He is still alive."

They lifted him gently and carefully bore him to the colliery. There the boss recognised him, and all was done that could be to make him easy. Yozio had been so badly handled it was a wonder he still lived, and the doctor declared he must be taken to the hospital as soon as the ambulance could be obtained.

Several days passed before Yozio regained consciousness; even then it was merely a question of time. He could not recover. He was questioned by the authorities. But he could give them little information. Garloski was undoubtedly the cause of the attack, but there was no proof. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and the most incriminating fact against him was that he had fled.

They were all very good to Yozio and he lingered in agony two or three weeks, fighting bravely for life and health.

His end came very peacefully. After some sleep, he woke slightly delirious and tried to rise in his bed. The nurse ran to him and gently forced him back. "But my passage ticket," he said in Polish, "I must get it now."

"Yes, yes," said the nurse, soothingly, "you shall get it in good time; rest now and sleep."

He was quiet some time, breathing gently, his eyes closed as if in sleep. Then his hands began to fumble, and the nurse gently took them to soothe him. He raised her hand fondly to his lips and said in Polish, "Ei! Marynia, dear heart! It is good to see thee again. Kiss me, dearest one; I shall never, never leave thee more."

He dropped back on the pillow with a deep sigh of content. The nurse stood watching him closely a moment, and then, with a stifled exclamation, sped down the ward for the doctor. He came hastening back with her, looked carefully, and placed his hand over Yozio's heart a moment. Then he nodded to the nurse, "The screen," he said, and turned away. Yozio had got his passage ticket.

F. B. Westwood.

WHAT SHE GAVE UP

"One little sacrifice for Lent,
To make the year complete—"
My Love tossed up her saucy head,
And stamped her tiny feet.

"'Twas sad," I urged, "so fair a maid,
Should not more reverence show,
And give some cherished bauble up,
Or let some trifle go—"

And when I begged her o'er and o'er
To give from her full cup
One little drop of joy for Lent,
Alas she gave *me* up!

Ruth Sterry.

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AMANDA OF THE MILL*

By Marie Van Vorst

BOOK III.—THE GREATER BONDAGE

CHAPTER I.

In the drawing-room car of a South-bound train there were, on this afternoon, but two passengers. One of them, close to the window of her seat, kept her attention pertinaciously fixed on the landscape with a fidelity the monotonous character of the flying scene without did not warrant—not, at least, in the opinion of her fellow-traveller.

As pertinaciously as the lady studied the country, so pertinaciously had her fellow-traveller, a young man, studied her, until his long staring became excessive; but, since she was unconscious of it, there was no harm done.

But no one can fall in love with a profile. It may be charming, suggestive, but it is also elusive and unmagnetic.

After a long time, when the gentleman had duly admired this woman's bearing, followed boldly the generous moulding of her form under a close-fitting black cloth dress heavy with crêpe, the tapering of the forearm to the wrist, the negligent pose of her hand in its black suede glove, it is probable that he would have risen and in sheer desperation retired to the smoking compartment, taking care to return slowly and catch what glimpse he without rudeness could of the lady. He was saved this diplomacy. There came a slight crash and bump to the forward of the train. They both lurched a little; the car came to a standstill, and the lady turned her full face to her admirer.

"What can be the matter?"

This at once he volunteered to discover, and on his return found his travelling companion tranquilly waiting. She raised to him fully as much of good looks as he had imagined she possessed, and he was able to assure her that the matter was slight—a hot box; it would not delay them more than two hours.

He ventured to take the seat in front of her.

"It is a beautiful country," she vouchsafed after a second; but this he could heartily contradict, and it gave him an excuse for throwing a warm interest into his tone:

"I can't agree with you. I think it is rather monotonous; but perhaps it is because I make the trip a dozen times a year, and anything would be tame under such circumstances."

"You must know it well, then?"

"Yes, it has a great future."

Mr. Ireton decided that the traveller was a cosmopolitan. She was probably a European *en route* to visit her relatives in the South. He would not have been surprised to hear her speak French; her clothes, her hand-luggage, were all markedly foreign, and he could not remember having seen, out of France, such a well-dressed head as this under the crêpe toque. She had removed her veil, and he could take all the pleasure he would in her hair, dark brown, with burnished ends of copper-red. He ventured to ask:

"This is your first trip South?"

She said "Yes."

Ireton thought well to keep on general topics, and if he could interest her to the extent that she permitted him to remain her *vis-à-vis*, he would be overjoyed. He succeeded; she gave him an intelligent attention as he sketched a little history of the growth of the country and of the cotton industries during the past decade.

"You talk well of it," she flattered him as he paused, "and as though you loved the very plant."

"I suppose I ought to. I am a cotton manufacturer . . . a mill-owner."

Here, as though she gave him permission to be such, she inclined her head, and with a perceptible coldness in her voice, said, "Ah!" in a pretty intonation and continued: "I have read something of these Southern mills and villages. It seems to me, I remember the book said there was hardship—and suffering."

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Mr. Ireton replied: "Oh, those reports are shockingly exaggerated! A few fanatics take up these questions, and set the working people and the sentimentalists by the ears. The poor spinners are far worse off discontented and planning strikes than when they are quietly making their living. You must not believe all you hear," he counselled wisely.

"No, I can promise that I will believe only what I *see,*" said his companion quietly.

Mr. Ireton, forgetting his rôle of indifferent stranger, which so far he had filled to perfection, "sighed and looked, sighed and looked," only he did not sigh audibly. He simply marvelled at her loveliness. Her lips seemed at first to him cut out of red ivory, smoothed, until no grain appeared; then he found them scarlet red, like fresh berries folded over snow. Her skin, dazzling in fairness, was fine as the inside of a shell.

"If you are only to be impressed by what you see," he said aloud, "we manufacturers are perfectly safe from your too sympathetic criticism; for unless you insist that someone should show you a model mill, you will not be likely to run round the mill towns of South Carolina!"

"Ah, then there are model mills?"

And he exclaimed: "Lots of them! If I may be so conceited, mine is one."

"I am glad to hear it."

"It is about fifty miles from Rexington. I have my own railroad, and no one comes into the town or goes out of it without my knowledge and permission."

At this point the conductor came through the car, and took in at a glance his sole passengers, to whom the long wait in the midst of the Georgia forests had not been unpleasing.

"We are getting right along now," he encouraged, nodding to Mr. Ireton. "They'll be putting on the dining-car at Bulgrave, and we'll make up lost time."

The landscape, once more slowly moving, developed new interests for Mr. Ireton's incognita. He wondered if in common politeness he must withdraw to his own seat, and as, indeed, he was actually planning a forced retreat, she turned unexpectedly. She had evidently not been thinking of the scene without or of him. In her full, delicious voice she said:

"The book I read—I won't give you the details; I will spare your natural prejudices—this book showed me the industry you speak of—with such warmth and genuine enthusiasm; in a different light. It spoke of little children spinning at machines for fourteen hours a day—children . . . (if I remember rightly, it was an old book) . . . children only six years old. There was much more too sad, too degraded to repeat. Are these things exaggerated . . . or have the conditions changed?"

What a remarkable face! rendered more brilliant, even, by the emotion sweeping it! Collecting his thoughts, he replied:

"Oh, of course—of course the conditions you mention are changed! In some of the States laws have been passed forbidding all child-labour under ten years of age. Certainly in *my* mill such horrors never have been and never will be. . . . The hands only work twelve hours a day in my mill, and I don't believe there is a child under ten."

"*Only twelve hours!*" she murmured. "Then they have cut off *two hours in twelve years?* Twelve hours a day to labour! Why, it's half one's life, isn't it?"

Her tone was scarcely audible; she did not seem to be speaking to him.

Mr. Ireton now leaned forward earnestly.

"Believe me . . . the very kindest thing that can be done is to leave them alone. Let them rationally progress in the same ratio that all the maufacturing world has progressed. . . ."

"In twelve more years," she interrupted, "perhaps you will reduce their day's labour to ten hours!"

He shook his head leniently at her obstinacy and said:

"My mills are the Ireton mills . . . they are fifty miles from Rexington. I have my own railroad—indeed, it is quite a little kingdom; and, in spite of your prejudices, I think if you could see them you would do me the justice to say I rule as well as I can. . . ."

CHAPTER II.

Jacob Grismore's history during the twelve years that had elapsed since his wife left him had been unqualifiedly successful. The company he represented,

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the largest south of the Mason and Dixon line, comprised as well mills in Lowell and Lawrence; its prestige and profits pushed his rivals hard. Crompton's stockholders had reason to rub their hands with content. Crompton paid twelve per cent., and it was rumoured, and hushed, and whispered again that there were mills whose glorious dividends went beyond the twenty per cents. There was no stock on the market, and Grismore himself was the largest holder. He was a very unhappy man, when he had time to acknowledge it. The shock and chagrin of his wife's flight, the knowledge of how utterly she must despise him, were the greatest humiliations he had endured. He wrote to her several times; his letters were returned to him, unopened. He never knew her whereabouts; she completely eluded him, and after five years of actual suffering and grief he abandoned the search and her memory as as far as he could, and readjusted his life. Regarding the girl she had taken with her he made no inquiries; the fact that one of the mill-hands had become his wife's companion and he was shut out perhaps bruised him to a peculiarly successful degree. No one volunteered to Jacob Grismore any information he did not seek, and he was ignorant even of the spinner's name.

One afternoon in the early winter of 190— word was brought him that a lady had called to see him.

He went downstairs to the drawing-room, and there rose as he entered a woman in deep mourning, so lovely as to summon to his surprised thoughts all the past emotions of his life. A faint odour of delicious perfume filled the air of the room. The visitor did not extend her hand to him. She bowed very coldly, and said in a musical voice, with a slight foreign accent:

"I am Mrs. Morgan's adopted daughter, Mr. Grismore. I have come at her wish . . . to see you . . . to tell you of her all you care to know."

Mrs. Grismore's intense and generous nature was fired, to the last, with a desire to leave what good results behind she could of a career broken and destroyed. Her directions to the messenger had been minute and ardent. What there was of regret and remorse and pain . . . Amanda was to soothe if she could. What there was of good in that perverted character . . . the emissary was to arouse as she might.

Before her the man, whom she astonished and took by surprise, paled under his florid complexion. Rebellion awoke in him at his impotence to call to life the years whose passing had taken youth and pleasure from him and made him in the eyes of his wife and this woman a hated thing. He searched in vain for something to say, and fell naturally upon his soul-corroding obsession.

"Sit down, won't you?" He motioned to a sofa by the window. "My wife left a considerable fortune, an income of something like forty thousand a year. . . ."

The visitor blushed painfully red.

"The letters I have, the papers will inform you that Mrs. Morgan made me her heir. . . ."

And thus the conversation opened between Mr. Grismore and a former spinner in his mills.

With the sentiment strong in her that she must completely fulfil her friend's wishes to her utmost power, Amanda accepted Mr. Grismore's invitation to visit at his home. The woman with her was a companion and servant, a faithful old servant who had accompanied Mrs. Grismore in her exile. Thus matronised, she took up her abode reluctantly in the Grismore mansion for a short time.

She was given the same room in which she had awakened after leaving the mill, Mrs. Grismore's study opening off it was unchanged, and once again introduced into scenes which, although never familiar, had been indelibly impressed upon her mind. She found that she remembered every detail.

She had gone out of this house with a stranger, she came back to it to find everything recalling Mrs. Grismore, a summoner of the loyalest, gentlest memories a loving heart could hold.

Unusual in the case of these feminine enterprises, where a barren woman seeks by the introduction of another's child into her heart to find consolation, this had been successful. Never for a moment was the adoption of Amanda regretted by the woman who had taken her on the most unguarded impulse. She watched the development of the girl with keen delight and astonishment. She became

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hourly more beautiful. Care and nourishment, change of scene, luxury, did wonders for the growing body and physique of the descendant of some of the oldest races of the world. She grew tall and supple and rounded, her movements slow and full of suave indolence that imparted to her every gesture and motion fascination and charm. Her native wit made her a sparkling companion, education exercised her keen intelligence and refined her qualities, already of unusual order.

Mrs. Grismore found her the best teachers France and England could supply. They travelled all over the Continent, and when Amanda's education came to its end, Mrs. Morgan, it must be confessed with no great warmth, suggested marriage to her adopted daughter. Amanda was lukewarm, and, although her opportunities were many, she remained until Mrs. Morgan's death heart-whole, and apparently with but one thought in the world—her adopted mother. No better companion for a dawning intellect, for a mind avid for food and apt to learn, could have been chosen than this well-educated, clear-minded woman, in whom the natural sources of joy and love, cruelly dammed, left the channel free for the spiritual and intellectual development. She turned to Amanda with an intensity almost tragic, as if determined to filch from life, in this object, the satisfaction everything else had failed to give. It was as though Fate said to her: "If through these channels you are willing to receive indemnity for your bankrupt score . . . here is a certain wealth for you!" And, as far as she could, Amanda made her benefactress rich. Graceful and gracious, she was adoringly grateful as well. She called her "mother," and soothed the ache of disappointed maternity. She clung to the older woman with warm, devoted arms, and brought tears of joy to Mrs. Morgan's eyes.

One exhibition of her character had greatly astonished Mrs. Morgan on the day they embarked from New York. Amanda pressed to her side as the ship left port.

"We suttinly ain't goin' to see Rexington fer a spell?"

"Never again, please Heaven!"

Amanda had a fashion of laying her hand unexpectedly on Mrs. Morgan's, and, although her grasp was not strong, it instantly claimed close attention.

"You-all suttinly will dew sumpin' fer me?"

"If I can, Amanda."

"Don't never speak to me 'bout *et* . . ." she stammered. "Never say nothin' to me 'bout the mill . . . nor them thayre."

If by some miracle the young girl could have seen the bleeding heart of the older woman, could have known Mrs. Morgan's utter desire to blot out and to efface America and Rexington, she could not have better framed her simple request.

Mrs. Morgan put her arm around her adopted child, and looked down at Amanda.

"It is a bargain," she said in a suffocated voice. "Rexington is off the map of the world for you and me."

CHAPTER III.

Amanda had been several days a guest at Mr. Grismore's, and to him it was as if after long-continued winter a sudden spring had marvellously come. The presence of the beautiful woman, whose graceful movements were a pleasure to see, whose voice was delicious to hear, filled his desolate hours with a light it would not be easy to spare. He thought intently of her, and, able hitherto to override every obstacle between himself and his desires, he began seriously to consider her as a possible wife.

He came abruptly one evening into the little study which had been his wife's, and found Amanda before the table writing. She looked up at this entrance; his hands were full of newspaper clippings which he brandished before her eyes.

"To the infernal deuce with this Henry Euston!"

His pronunciation of the name constantly in her thoughts was unexpected, and his address seemed personal. She coloured violently.

Grismore continued furiously: "See what importance these idiotic reporters give to this man! Four hundred clippings have been sent me, from every paper in the United States, I should say.

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His last speech quoted at length. Who goes to hear him in the barracks where he hangs out, I'd like to know? Have you heard of him?"

He questioned his guest in his excitement.

"I have read of the disturbances," she replied, "and I saw there was a leader. But his name hasn't been mentioned."

Amanda leaned forward, and took up one of the newspaper clippings.

Mr. Grismore continued: "He brought his fanaticism to a heat in the Foster mills. Why, I consider this man Foster's murderer! Ten years ago, a little more or less, I understand Euston was a drunken weaver—a reprobate—kept on in the mills by charity; now he's trying to run our concerns for us . . . to overturn the reasonable laws between employer and employé. He went in disguise to the Foster Mills one day. Finding in one of the rooms children he thought too young to work, he stalked out at noon with a child in each hand, and the next day a committee of one or two half-witted mill-hands called on Foster, and informed him that unless every child was taken off the night-shift the mill would be cleared. Of course, Foster resisted—refused to recognise this Bedlamite, but Euston's power is so ridiculously strong amongst the hands that after a harangue or two he talked the whole weaving-room over. The mills struck; they carried on that strike four weeks—four weeks!" Grismore repeated, flattening his hand down on the table. "And God knows where they got their food from! Just see what blind sheep they are! Poor Foster held out as long as he could. His orders were coming in from the East, and he could not get man, woman, or child to go to Penvallon. Just as he was about to cave in and grant their request, what do you think the whole seven hundred hands did? Vamoosed the district for another mill! I suppose Foster had gotten all worn out with the fight . . . at any rate, he just put a bullet through his head. . . ."

To the absorbed, attentive interest of his guest Mr. Grismore gave this most interesting information, which roused in her a dozen wonders; and she was about to question him as skilfully as she might, when his manner altered with surprising rapidity—from the irritated business man's to the personal.

"But I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were something of a socialist yourself? I suppose you have kept all kinds of bitter memories against us here, haven't you, little girl?"

His voice was disagreeably caressing. Amanda made no reply.

"I won't recall those days, of course," he went on. "Nobody to look at you would ever suppose you were ever anything but a lady. You must have had deuced good blood in you."

His address was irritating, but the news that he had unconsciously given her, the veil he had torn from her past, impressed, shook her beyond what she had expected to feel when Henry Euston's existence should again be made known. Her heart beat fast, and her hands were cold. In her silence Grismore repeated:

"You don't, of course, remember Rexington clearly, do you?"

From the handful of clippings she had been mechanically folding together she looked up at him, as though she reluctantly considered a personality so unpleasant and unsympathetic that it required all her control to regard it. Grismore's smile still lingered on his face.

"I remember it all." His presence, his attitude, and what he had said and implied—the facts on the black-and-white printed lines of the news-clippings—were tense and absorbing to her; she could scarcely breathe. "Of course I remember every detail. These people would find me changed, but I am in reality a cotton-mill hand."

He shook his head.

"Nonsense," he contradicted—"nonsense!"

In spite of herself, her expression was unfriendly as she met his eyes, and he had a sudden fear she might take violent *parti pris* for the people, through sentimentality, or, very naturally, because of her own past; although (he thought to himself) "she ought to feel just the other way, and thank Heaven she's out of that muck."

"Come . . . no socialism here!" he exclaimed, with an attempt at lightness. "No sentimentality over a lot of miserable, discontented cotton-spinners. I won't have you interesting your-

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self in them, or going near the mill towns. . . ."

But, as the guest sprang up from the table like lightning, he saw his mistake.

"Oh, what do you mean, to speak to me like that?" she exclaimed.

His heart fairly stood still.

"Nothing, nothing—I didn't mean . . . I beg your pardon. You are quite free to go where you like—do what you like!" He feared he had offended her so that she would leave his house. *That* she should not do! He would control himself, overcome, keep down every feeling that could antagonise this girl with the darkening eyes and the beautiful glowing skin. She should *not* go. He would do everything in the world to keep her . . . not a few days, but for ever. "I get so carried away," he apologised, his face paling, "by certain ways and means the Union takes in the State, that it has spoiled my temper."

She bent over the table, her hands lost among the piles of loose newspaper notices. Her eyes sparkled. She raised them, and said quickly:

"I owe everything in my life to Mrs. Morgan. I adored her; I adore her memory." (And, too sincere in the full meaning of her words to permit herself the discourtesy of telling Grismore what she thought of him, she tried to conceal her loathing.) "Whatever my sentiments regarding the labour question may be, for her sake I will say nothing to offend you."

Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he came toward her, and said in as genial a tone as he knew:

"I am all upset. I am nervous. . . ." His hand trembled; he wore a gold seal-ring. It shone hard and yellow on his hand. "Shake hands, little girl." His tone was almost imploring. "I get awfully boorish down here, with nothing but niggers and mills to look at. You'll have to forgive me."

Just here the negro butler pushed open the half-closed door, and said:

"Thar's a gemmen downstairs for Mr. Grismore."

"Damn him! he can't see me."

"He says it's 'bout the strikes, suh."

"What's his name?"

"Dunno."

Grismore thrust his hands in his pockets, and turned away from his guest.

"A gentleman or a mill-hand?"

"Suttinly is a real gemman, suh."

"I've got to see him, I suppose," said he reluctantly and over his shoulder. "I wish it were Euston; I'd tar and feather him, and send him home on a shutter."

CHAPTER IV.

When Mr. Grismore entered his library, a tall man came quickly forward from where he had been standing in the window.

With a sharp gesture, he said, "Well, sir?" and gave an inquiring nod to the man, who was a stranger to him.

"I am beneath your roof, if not quite under false pretences—not frankly," said the gentleman. "Your servant didn't ask my name; if I had volunteered it, I don't believe you would have seen me. On the other hand, you may be glad to do so—I am Henry Euston."

Mr. Grismore threw his head back, laughed disagreeably, and pointed his thumb out toward the door.

"When my man told me someone was here, I said that I wished to God it were you! I won't say what I promised to do; it is too sincere!"

The guest bowed, his face unclouded by the rude greeting.

"Of course, you can't be friendly to me," he said quietly. "I have come to make you a proposition regarding the present state of affairs. If you don't care to hear, I will go at once."

Beyond his sneering hatred, Grismore felt a natural curiosity regarding the man. He didn't want to confess that he was glad to have a look at him, but it was a fact. He said curtly:

"You are right; you *are* here under false pretences, but I dare say it's your way! You won't get very far with your errand, however, if you expect me to tell you what I think of your codes of action!"

"No," accepted Euston, "possibly not."

Mr. Grismore sat back in a big chair, under the light of a green-shaded student's lamp. His guest was still standing.

"Last night I sent a committee to see you, Mr. Grismore. . . ." And Grismore half sprang out of his chair.

"A committee!" he exclaimed. "Why, haven't you found out yet that there

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doesn't *exist* anything of that kind down here?"

"I thought there did," deprecated the other. "*They* thought there did! One of the fellows was a man who has been a weaver in the South for twenty years. He is an honest, sober, toiling chap, and it seems to me—as it did to him—that he should have some voice in his fate. . . . The other was an expert machinist who has worked in four countries of the world. He drifted here to Crompton. He speaks four languages; he is intelligent; he has run the Crompton machines for five years with only one break in his time. I have thought—and others have thought—that his points of view might be not without interest. The others . . ."

Euston spoke at first very slowly, then his words gaining rapidity, the sentences developed great velocity, and ran fast one on the other until the hearer was carried along against his will. The voice of this man had been the shaking, trembling organ of a confirmed drunkard. He had controlled it that it might become the voice of the people. It was the distinct expression of his own character—a photograph of himself. Vibrant and full of feeling, its tremolo controlled, it swung finally compassionate and compelling, as at length, quite beyond his empire, it carried the hearers and himself on its tide.

The manufacturer furiously interrupted: "*I* don't care a —— who the others are! If you've come here to harangue me about the agreeable characters of my mill-hands, you can spare your breath to cool your porridge! Those people are to me just so much capital, and if they don't pay the per cent. they ought to, why, it's a poor investment. And when I get out, it will be the worse for Rexington and for these fools too (although they wouldn't acknowledge it at the starving point!). As for your committees"—and he laughed and snapped his fingers—"why, you might as well send me half a dozen of the mules the niggers drive round here, and ask me to recognise *them!*"

In his fury he leaned forward out of his chair, but suddenly he controlled himself, unconsciously stimulated by the character of the man before him to decency.

"I have told you through the papers (and I guess I have made it pretty generally understood) that I recognise no committee of any federation or corporation whatsoever. If I know it, I will not have a Union man in my mills. Haven't you and your half-witted friends got that into your heads yet?"

Whether Euston felt that this man could not insult him, or whether years of anguish and endurance and control had rendered it possible for him to bite dust, eat dust with apparent relish, at all events he made no sign that he was not enjoying his reception.

"You have made it clear, Mr. Grismore, to my friends and me, but we do not accept it."

This was too much for Grismore.

"You don't!" he sneered. "And what are you going to do about it?"

Euston did not reply. He had no desire to goad the manufacturer to a more hideous display of temper, and he did not wish to be forced to resent the attitude of a man whom he despised.

"What are you going to do about it?" the other repeated, reading in Euston's silence a certain hesitation that pleased him.

"That question I cannot answer to-night." And now he accelerated his speech, and threw a little more life into it. "You have permitted me to remain in your house these few moments; I cannot fail to see that you do not make me welcome, and I only irritate you unwillingly; therefore, let me say, as quickly as possible, what I came to say and go. You know Mr. Foster's mills are to be sold at auction next week. Unless you buy these mills, as I hear you think of doing, they will go to a company whose heads are friendly to the Union. These friendly manufacturers are very rich, you will find, when you come to bid against them." He paused for a moment. "And I want to tell you that if you will give me your word to-night that you will recognise the committee sent to your house, the Penvallon Mills will fall under your first bid without opposition from any other party, and there will be no strike at Crompton this week or the next week. I believe I can safely vouch that if you care to show this friendly feeling, you will not have cause to regret it."

Grismore's face had grown white; he was tapping his gold seal-ring gently against the table.

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". . . If you refuse, however, to recognise us, and persist in your antagonism, Crompton will eventually strike, Penvallon will go to the favourable parties, and we will fill the mills with Union operatives. I need not have told you this . . . I need not have considered you. I have done so only, because it seems in the course of life a terrible mistake that you, who can control so much and so well, should not work with us, instead of against us. I may close with you to-night with any agreement I see fit. When I leave this house the opportunity goes with me. I render myself to my chiefs in Washington, and from their attitude I cannot believe this proposition will repeat itself."

The cotton king's eyes fairly popped out of his head. Under them the flesh rose puffily; his fingers worked; he advanced his chin toward the speaker.

"What a damned scoundrel you are!" he said very low. "What a hatful of presumption you have got! You are nothing but a half-reformed drunkard, a mill-hand yourself, well-spoken and smooth-tongued enough; you are nothing but a —— tool—a paid tool! You tell these poor wretches that you despise ME"—he breathed hard—"you curse me and my dealings. Why, these fools pay you out of their savings, and your chiefs pay you, and you bleed them at both ends. To-morrow you will turn them out of good work and from the gaining of honest money. You make of them lawbreakers and idlers and discontents. You are a menace," he said—"a menace to good society. You are an exhibition of the most dangerous class our country has got."

He paused for breath, thrust his hands in his trousers pockets, and threw out his chest. He inspired himself.

"You ought to be put in gaol. Seventy years ago, if you had talked as you do in another country, you would have been hung. Do your worst with your meeting and your corporations! I am not afraid of you. I can stand out against the lot of you, and I have half a mind to call a lockout at my mills and bring in a lot of Dagos, if it costs my last cent."

Euston was moved, but all his feelings he kept to himself, back of his deep, passionate eyes and the stern mask of his pallid face. He turned towards the door; it was wide open to the hall.

Anyone passing in the corridor could have heard the manufacturer's angry voice . . . anyone passing in the corridor . . . anyone a little way down the hall in the shadow of the staircase—standing close by the newel-post, clasping the balustrade with trembling hands—could have heard the voice that replied to this storm of vulgar and brutal excess.

"This is your answer, Mr. Grismore?"

And after another furious outbreak from the manufacturer, "Good-night."

Mr. Grismore, who had not succeeded in tearing from his guest any sign of irritation, now said:

". . . I want you to understand that my doors are shut to you, sir; and if you care to disregard this, you do so at your own risk."

Here a drawer opened and closed. The listener at the newel-post sprang forward, but there was nothing to fear. Grismore put the pistol he had taken out of the drawer down on the table.

"*Now* you know what your welcome will be here."

"When I come again," Euston said, "*I shall come prepared.*"

The curtains were pushed open, and a tall man, bowed from the shoulders, came out of the room, pulled his soft hat down over his head, and went quickly out of the front door.

After hurrying through the halls, Amanda gained her own room before her eavesdropping had been detected; she trembled so violently that consecutive thought was impossible. Then the first effect somewhat tranquillised, she was able to face the facts this overheard conversation had revealed and she loved to wonder, reflect, listen again in memory to that transformed voice, and contemplate what this man had become! That Henry Euston! Impossible! The pale, overworked drunkard, the ragged, expert weaver had vanished, and this man, whose words swayed thousands—whose power was a thing to dread and fear—had been born in his stead.

What was his environment? Where was his wife? Where was her sister? What pace had Lily Bud kept alongside this paragon? What was his home? He had one . . . children, perhaps.

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Much—everything can transpire in twelve years.

Amanda was a lover—a woman born to waste herself, to despoil herself, to prodigally spend herself on the object adored. She could with bliss outpour at the feet of the man she loved her precious-most treasures, and from the sacrifice have gone forth to a life of utter deprivation, and been not wholly wretched. Women capable of such adoration are never quite entirely unhappy—can never be quite destroyed. A feeling that, despite ties which might sever them, Euston might need her still came like a balm. Passion—and, above all, when its desire is illegitimate — snatches any straw which will carry it toward the vortex. This brought with it a positive glow, and she drew her chair to the window, and seated herself to continue, more at peace, her reflections.

She had not yet realised how above everything she had longed to see this man again. She only asked herself the question, What can I do to help him? How can I make use of myself for him now?

Her income in his hands would be a powerful instrument of good.

To recognise Euston at this present time and frankly espouse his cause would entail her professing enmity to Mr. Grismore—an enmity hourly growing more keen. Before flying from his roof and taking up arms against him and his policies, she very naturally questioned: "Will it not do signal harm to him if I take such an emphatic stand, and who can tell but that here, under this very roof, I may be able to accomplish more than in any other way? If Mr. Grismore is really friendly to me, he will, at least for a few days, listen to my points of view. I may work subtly for this cause. Euston's attitude (from what she had gathered as she listened) was kindly. He appeared to wish to palliate Grismore. She, too, would palliate this tyrant, and if Euston's gentleness was in itself a stinging irritation to the manufacturer, hers, the woman's attitude, should score. The idea of immolating herself—for this she must do if she consented to remain under Grismore's roof—pleased her. She took sentimental pleasure in the thought that, unknown to Euston, she would work for him, and that he could not thank her for so doing.

"If"—and she spoke aloud—"I can only succeed! If I can only make Mr. Grismore do what I want!"

(To be continued.)

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La Vida es Sueno. By D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca. With notes and vocabulary by William Wistar Comfort.

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School Chemistry. By Elroy M. Avery. Educational.

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An addition to the Gateway series. The editor has endeavoured to make this volume simple, attractive and helpful to the student.

Four American Indians. By Edson L. Whitney and Frances M. Perry.

A book for young Americans. Stories about King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Osceola.

Five Little Strangers and How They Came to Live in America. By Julia Augusta Schwartz.

Stories about The Little Red Child, The Little White Child, The Little Black Child, The Little Yellow Child, and The Little Brown Child are here told.

Commercial Law. By D. Curtis Gano.

This book aims to present to the business man those fundamental principles which he will most frequently

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D. Appleton and Company:

India. By Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich.

The author has relied chiefly on descriptive methods of treating the infinite variety of the geographical configuration and the geographical distributions of India, rather than on statistics and details. A chapter is devoted to each of the following subjects: Early India, The Geography of the Frontier—Baluchistan, The Geography of the Frontier—Afghanistan, Kashmir and The Himalayas, The Geography of the Indian Peninsula, Assam, Burma, and Ceylon, The People of India, Political Geography, Agriculture and Revenue, Railways, Minerals and Climate.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Narratives of the Career of Hernando De Soto. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

A story of De Soto's career and of his exploration of the South, given in full from the original narratives. These narratives, edited by Professor Bourne, present interesting facts concerning American history.

Albert Morris Bagby:

"Mammy Rosie." By Albert Morris Bagby.

An ex-slave gives in her negro dialect a number of sketches of New York and Newport society people as she saw them. By means of information obtained by eavesdropping she guides the young bachelor, for whom she is housekeeper, safely through a love affair.

Benziger Brothers:

The Middle Ages. By Thomas J. Shahan.

Various historical sketches dealing with life in the Middle Ages, previously published in Catholic magazines. Some of the subjects discussed are Catholicism in the Middle Ages, Justinian the Great, Gregory the Great and the Barbarian World, The Results of the Crusades, etc.

Brentano's:

The Florentines. By Maurice V. Samuels.

A play in three acts, in which Benvenuto Cellini, whose memoirs are well known and who is always an interesting character, is the central figure.

Robert Grier Cooke:

Sœur Marie. By Mary Randall Shippey.

A poem dealing with the relation of the freedom of the soul from material externals to spiritual perfection.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Julius Cæsar. Edited, with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

One of the First Folio Shakespeare series. This series is a reproduction of the First Folio text of 1623, in the original spelling and punctuation.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Makers of Song. By Anna Alice Chapin.

A collection of sketches, the aim of which is to point out the men who have in the most marked degree influenced the development, and to enable students to understand more thoroughly the history of song.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The First Stone and Other Stories. By W. T. Washburn.

A collection of fifteen stories on various subjects. Some of the titles are Madagascar, Perplexed, The Jaundice, The Boss, A Mormon Maiden, Sleuth, Hero or Fool, Half a Dozen Raw, etc.

Henry Frowde:

Murray's Small Classical Atlas. Edited by G. B. Grundy.

An atlas covering the countries described in Ancient History and the Bible. It aims to show, with the necessary prominence, the natural features of the country, to so arrange the names as to make each perfectly clear, and at the same time a book so inexpensive as to be within the means of all students.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Buccaneers. By Henry M. Hyde.

A story of the Black Flag in business. Since its appearance as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* it has been reconstructed and enlarged. The novel deals with the clashing of two large firms. A love story runs through the book.

The Grafton Press:

Little Love Stories of Manhattan. By Melville Chater.

A score and more of love stories originally published for a Sunday newspaper. They are all studies of life in New York City.

Rachel. A Story of the Great Deluge. By Ernest U. Smith.

The author aims, by means of science, history, and the Bible, to prove the location of the lands of "Eden" and "Nod"; to give a full account of the great deluge which separated Noah and his descendants from the rest of mankind; to describe the route taken by the ark, showing the waters traversed by same, and giving the landing place of that structure; and to give an account of the origin of the American Indians, showing that portion of the Western Hemisphere first inhabited by them, and naming the race from which they originated.

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Henry Holt and Company:

Psychology. By James Rowland Angell.

An attempt to set forth in an elementary way the generally accepted facts and principles bearing upon the functional and genetic phases of psychological inquiry, so far as they pertain to the mind of man.

B. W. Huebsch:

Moral Education. By Edward Howard Griggs.

Professor Griggs defines the aim of the book as "a study, as exhaustive as I could make it, of the whole problem of moral culture: its purpose in relation to our society, and all the means through which that purpose can be attained. My aim has been sanity and not novelty, . . . to see 'steadily and whole' both human life and the process of moral culture that leads to it and makes possible the happiest and most helpful living." The work is intended as a guide for parents and teachers, a text for classes studying the subject of moral education in normal schools and universities, and as an effort at a complete and inclusive view of the problem for all who are interested in moral culture.

Japan Publishing Company:

Jiu-Jitsu. By Captain Harry H. Skinner.

A treatise on the Japanese method of attack and self-defence—Jiu-Jitsu, which translated literally means the "gentle art of making one's opponent use his strength to his own disadvantage." The object of the book is to show how the reader, without the use of weapons or fists, may easily defeat a more powerful assailant, even though he may be armed with gun or club.

John Lane:

Birds by Land and Sea. By John Maclair Boraston.

Mr. Boraston has in this volume given the principal points gleaned from daily observation of birds occurring in Stretford, a village near Manchester, England, and surrounding district, from September, 1902, until September, 1903. There are over seventy illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

The Log of the Griffin. By Donald Maxwell.

The story of a cruise from the Alps to the Thames. The *Griffin* is a boat built according to Mr. Maxwell's instructions. The book deals with the building of the craft, the wonder it produced among the simple-minded inhabitants of Toggenburg, at which place it was constructed, and its journeys both on land and water.

The Manitoban. By Henry H. Bashford.

A romance dealing with Canadian pioneer life in Manitoba. Besides Roddy, the hero, who from boyhood to manhood had his share in the struggles of a new country, the story deals with various types of Englishmen in the Dominion. Many phases of frontier life are portrayed, an interesting one being a description of a forest fire.

Helen of Troy, N. Y. By Wilfrid S. Jackson.

The story concerns two young men of London who have been engaged in a duel with a German, arising from a quarrel caused by their mutual love for a young American heiress. The plot turns on the efforts which the Englishmen and the hero of the tale, a chance passerby who has been induced to be a second, make to flee from the consequences of a supposedly serious wound sustained by the German. The disordered state of affairs existing during the recovery of the wounded man furnish amusement to the story.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Temple of Art. By Ernest Newlandsmith.

This work is a plea for the higher realisation of the artistic vocation. It deals with the artist's calling, the spirit of true art, the source of true art, the soul of art, the failure to attain the ideal, the esteem of the world, and the true minstrel. There is, also, an essay suggesting an improvement in school-music, and on the cultivation of music in the world.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Indian Fights and Fighters. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The material for this book has been secured from various documents, and from officers and men who were in the engagements. It is divided into two parts: Protecting the Frontier, and the War with the Sioux. An account of Custer's defeat is given in the appendix. It is an addition to the American Fights and Fighters series.

The Americans. By Hugo Münsterberg.

A translation of Professor Münsterberg's *Die Amerikäner,* recently published in Germany. It aims to be a general explanation of the American people—their history, their customs and their political and social life. He discusses the methods used by Americans in meeting such vital problems as the silver question, trusts, the negro question, divorce, huge fortunes, displays of wealth, etc.

The History of the Standard Oil Company. 2 vols. By Ida M. Tarbell.

A review of this work will appear in a subsequent number of this magazine.

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William Macbeth:

Homer Martin: A Reminiscence. By Mrs. E. G. Martin.

Mrs. Martin's reminiscence of her husband is written in a simple and candid style. She expresses her conviction that "those who wish to increase their knowledge of Homer Martin as an artist can do so much more satisfactorily by studying the landscapes into which he has put as much of his best self as any man could part with and live, than by reading anything I find it possible to say about him."

The Macmillan Company:

Organic Evolution. By Maynard M. Metcalf.

The basis of this work is a series of lectures given by the author before the students of the Woman's College of Baltimore. The book is intended as a brief introductory outline of this phase of biological theory.

The Serio-Comic Governess. By I. Zangwill.

A reprint in paper covers. The interest of the story is enhanced by illustrations of scenes from the play.

Atoms of Empire. By C. J. Cutliffe Hyne.

A collection of sixteen short stories of adventure. Some of the titles are The Bait, Run Down, The Cholera Ship, The Hermit, Shot, Held Up, The Fire, The Kid, The Renegade, etc.

Poverty. By Robert Hunter.

The purpose of this book is to define poverty and to give an estimate of its extent at this time in the United States; to describe some of the evils; to point out certain remedies which society may undertake, and to show the increase in the evils.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Voice of Nature; or The Soul of Things. By Rev. Charles Wagner.

This work is said to be a fitting companion to "The Simple Life," the book which recently gave its author such a hearty welcome into the United States. It contains discussions on fifty-four such commonplace subjects as, How We Make Enemies, To Better Oneself, Habit, To Serve at the Right Moment, Well Informed, Ready Money, Lesson of Labor, Discouragement, Good Will, etc.

Oxford University Press:

The Sacred Hymns and The Napoleonic Ode of Alexander Manzoni. Translated by the Rev. Joel Foote Bingham.

In this translation Dr. Bingham has aimed "to give the exact sense of the author down to the finest shade of meaning, to the utmost degree that lay in my power in the use of our tongue." The book has a portrait of Manzoni, a biographical preface, historical introductions, critical notes, and appendix containing the Italian texts.

The Press of "The Rose Jar":

The Confessions of an Old Maid. By Lou Lawrence.

The story of a womanly woman is written in an amusing and unconventional style. A very fair idea of the nature of this book may be formed from its title.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Three Dukes. By G. Ystridde.

A story portraying life among the upper classes of Russia. A pretty English girl accepts the position as a governess to two grown daughters of an eccentric Russian nobleman. The mother is very anxious to get her daughters married. Three dukes are attracted by the beauty of the governess and the fancied dowries of her pupils, but the path of love is very rugged.

Emerson. By Elisabeth Luther Cary.

A very handsomely bound volume, in which it has been the aim of the author to portray Emerson in a style as simple as was the life of this eminent man. Miss Cary has also endeavoured to point out the connection between his writings and his mental and spiritual characteristics, and the quiet round of his direct interests.

The Ragged Messenger. By W. B. Maxwell.

A sensational novel, in which the hero, a minister of the Church, for the sake of his conviction, gives up his parish and preaches on the street in the slums of London. A large fortune comes to him, all of which he gives to the poor. He is unrewarded for his sacrifices. The heroine, a beautiful woman, is an adventuress.

The Conquest of England. By August Niemann.

A translation of *Der Weltkrieg deutsche Träume* by J. H. Freese. In this novel the author gives the reader a view of the future, in which the countries are shown to be in a state of war never before known. The Russians are successful in an attempt to secure India from England, a fierce naval battle is fought off Flushing, and there is some indications of a war between Russia and Japan, although it is doubtful if it comes to a point of issue.

Out of Work. By Frances A. Kellor.

A study of employment agencies; their treatment of the unemployed, and their influence upon homes and business.

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Fleming H. Revell Company:

Missions and Modern History. By Robert E. Speer.

These volumes aim to indicate the place of the missionary enterprise in the politics of the world; to familiarise the reader with the great forces which have shaped the life and destiny of the 1,000,000,000 people who have been affected by these movements; and to give the present developments of human history in the light of their bearing on the religious life of man, and, therefore, on all his life and on the coming of the Kingdom of God.

Little Miss Dee. By Roswell Field.

Little Miss Dee is an altruist who spends two fortunes on an unworthy adopted son. The story is sympathetically told and the reader cannot help a feeling of pity for the misguided little woman.

Education in Religion and Morals. By George Albert Coe.

A book aiming to bring the broadest philosophy of education into the closest relation to practice; to show how principles lead directly to methods, and so to strike the golden mean between unpractical theorising and mere routine. It also aims to show the principles and forces of religious and moral education in their highest concreteness as factors in the general movement of human life.

New Forces in Old China. By Arthur J. Brown.

Dr. Brown deals with many timely points in this book. Among them are the stupendous proportions of the economic revolution in China; the growth of the newspaper, of which there were none a decade ago and nearly a hundred to-day; Japan's plan to arouse, organise and lead China; a question as to the responsibility of the missionaries for the trouble in China; the rapid development of American trade with China; an up-to-date statement of the Chinese railway system, and many other salient points.

G. Schirmer:

Wagner's Musical-Dramas Analysed. By Gustav Kobbé.

A new edition of a treatise on the anatomy, physiology, and inner spirit of the music-dramas. A special feature in this edition is the alphabetical index to the chief motives in "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," the Nibelung operas and "Parsifal."

Scott-Thaw Company:

The Childhood of Christ. Translated from the Latin by Henry Copley Greene.

This volume contains the story of the infancy of Christ in the original Latin version, as well as an English translation. It is well bound.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

A Divorce. By Paul Bourget.

The scenes of this novel are laid in France. It concerns Gabrielle, a woman divorced from her husband, whose remarriage to another man is one of highest ideals. Owing to religious fervor, however, Gabrielle becomes estranged from her second husband. The other thread in the story deals with the love affair of the heroine's son, who has been as thoroughly educated and cared for by his mother's second husband as by an own father.

Thomas Gainsborough. By A. E. Fletcher.

A volume in the Makers of British Art series. The titles of the chapters are explanatory of the ground covered by the book: Formative Influences, The Gainsborough Family, Early Career, The Bath Period, Landscape Work, Quarrel with Thickness, Gainsborough as Letter-Writer, London, "Twilight and Evening Bell," Sir Joshua Reynolds's Appreciation, and Gainsborough's Place in Art. The work is well illustrated.

The Story of the Violin. By Paul Stoeving.

One of the Music-Story series. The story of the violin from its origin is here told. Violin-playing and violin-players are subjects also dealt with, and there is given an outline of the evolution of violin composition. Numerous illustrations add to the value of the book.

Verrocchio. By Maud Cruttwell.

In the study of this great master of the fifteenth century, the author has endeavoured to show "upon what dubious evidence the attribution to Verrocchio of such work as the Tornabuoni relief and other inferior sculpture and painting is based, to trace his steady development from the immature work of the Baptism to the full burst of his powers in the statue of the Colleoni, and to arrive at a truer estimate of his artistic capabilities by the rejection of all inferior work, the attribution of which is merely hypothetical, taking as the standard of judgment only such works as are proved beyond possibility of doubt to be authentic." Forty-seven illustrations enhance the value of the work.

Literary Geography. By William Sharp.

A collection of papers dealing with characteristic features of the country, real or described, of a number of widely known writers. The numerous illustrations are very helpful to the text in giving the reader a clear picture of the lands made familiar to all readers of George Meredith, Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, Brontë,

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Aylwin, and Carlyle. There are, also, descriptions of English Lakes, the Thames, and the Lake of Geneva. The articles have appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* during the years of 1903 and 1904.

The Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian. The Translations of Marsden revised by Thomas Wright.

The famous travels of one of the nobility of the state of Venice into the East parts of the world—Armenia, Persia, Arabia, Tartary and many other kingdoms and provinces. It is well bound and belongs to the Caxton Thin Paper Classics series.

Early Italian Poets. By D. G. Rossetti.

A volume in the Caxton Thin Paper Classics series. There is a brief biography of the poets from Cuillo D'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri, 1100, 1200, 1300, together with selections from their works, in the original metres. The work also contains Dante's Vita Nuova. The book is well bound.

The Journal to Stella. By Jonathan Swift.

In his introduction, Sir Walter Scott says that this "Journal to Stella, from September 2, 1710, to June 6, 1713, forms a natural introduction to the political pieces by which Swift supported the last ministry of Queen Anne. But it may also be thought a fit preface to his works in general, as affording the closest insight into his temper, principles and habits, during the busiest and happiest period of his life. It contains, indeed, documents for his private history of a nature equally curious and authentic." The book belongs to the Caxton Thin Paper Classics series and is nicely bound.

The Story of Art Throughout the Ages. By S. Reinach.

A general outline of art from its origin to the present age. It includes art in the polished stone and bronze ages; in Egypt, Chaldæa, and Persia; Ægean, Minoan, and Mycenæan art; Greek art before Phidias; Phidias and the Parthenon; Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus; Greek art after Alexander the Great; the minor arts in Greece; Etruscan and Roman art; Christian art in the East and in the West; Romanesque and Gothic architecture; Romanesque and Gothic sculpture; the architecture of the Renaissance and modern architecture; the Renaissance of Siena and Florence; Venetian painting; Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael—the Milanese, Umbrian and Roman schools; Michelangelo and Correggio; the Renaissance in France and Flanders; the Renaissance in Germany; the Italian decadence and the Spanish school; art in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century; the art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France; and art in the nineteenth century. There are nearly six hundred illustrations in the book.

Dictionary of Faiths and Folk-Lore. 2 vols. By W. Carew Hazlitt.

A dictionary of national beliefs, superstitions and popular customs, past and current, with their classical and foreign analogues, described and illustrated. It is a new edition of The Popular Antiquities of Great Britain.

Mediæval Art. By W. R. Lethaby.

A general survey of art during the Middle Ages. The two principal styles dealt with are the Byzantine and Gothic. The book is well illustrated, containing one hundred and twenty-four diagrams, plans, and drawings, besides sixty-four full-page plates.

The Strategy of Great Railroads. By Frank H. Spearman.

A volume illustrating the field of railroad competition. The various subjects treated are The Vanderbilt Lines, The Pennsylvania System, The Harriman Lines, The Hill Lines, The Fight for Pittsburg, The Gould Lines, The Rock Island System, The Atchison, The Big Granger Lines (St. Paul and Northwestern), The Rebuilding of an American Railroad, The First Trans-Continental Railroad, The Early Day in Railroading.

The Italian Poets Since Dante. By William Everett.

A course of lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston in 1904. The object, as stated at the start, is to arouse a desire to be acquainted at first hand with a renowned body of literature, which is less read than it has been, and ought to be. Among those poets which the author has discussed are Petrarch, Pulci, Boiardo, Berni, Ariosto, Michael Angelo, Tasso, Marino, Tassoni, Goldoni, Metastasion, Casti, Alfieri, Parini, Manzoni, and Leopardi.

The Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten. By Oliver Herford.

A book of verses describing the life of a Persian kitten. Characteristic illustrations greatly enhance the interest in the book.

First Love, and Other Stories. By Iván Turgénieff.

Phantoms, and Other Stories. By Iván Turgénieff.

The Brigadier, and Other Stories. By Iván Turgénieff.

A Reckless Character, and Other Stories. By Iván Turgénieff.

Spring Freshets, and Other Stories. By Iván Turgénieff.

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Volumes XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI. completes the series of novels and stories of Iván Turgénieff. Isabel F. Hapgood has made new translations of these volumes from the original Russian, and has prefaced each book. The edition presents the same excellent appearance, both in binding and typography, that distinguishes similar editions of Kipling, Tolstoi, Stockton, Stevenson and others. It is sold by subscription only.

Emanuel Burden. By Hilaire Belloc.

Mention of this book is made elsewhere.

The Golden Bowl. 2 vols. By Henry James.

Mention of this book was made in the January BOOKMAN.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Bindweed. By Nellie K. Blissett.

A romance concerning the late Queen Draga, of Servia, the lovable young woman of the people who rose to be the Queen of this nation. Russian diplomacy and greed, as well as the life of a Continental court, with its gaieties, its joys, and its tragic sorrows, are here shown.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

How to Know the Starry Heavens. By Edward Irving.

A volume purporting to be a selection of the most typical, interesting and instructive facts and theories concerning the universe around us, so described and illustrated as to interest the general reader. It is the first in a series, by the same author, dealing with the sciences of astronomy, geology, biology, and sociology.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne. By Gelett Burgess.

One hundred and one satirical verses on authors, editors and publishers. They are bound within paper covers.

Physiological Economy in Nutrition. By Professor Russell H. Chittenden.

An experimental study with special reference to the minimal proteid requirement of the healthy man.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by M. L. Kirk and John Tenniel.

The most attractive edition of this famous book for children. There are twelve full-page illustrations in colour by M. L. Kirk in addition to the original forty-two in black and white by John Tenniel. The new illustrator has cleverly reproduced in his colour work the spirit of Tenniel's drawings.

Flower Fables and Fancies. By N. Hudson Moore. Decorated by Frederick G. Hall.

A handsomely decorated book concerning flowers. There are forty-eight illustrations from photographs.

Gilhooleyisms. By Lord Gilhooley (Frederick H. Seymour). Pictures by T. Fleming.

A collection of epigrams freely illustrated with characteristic drawings.

Jack in the Rockies. By George Bird Grinnell.

A story of the adventures and experiences of a boy travelling with a pack train through the Yellowstone National Park when but little was known of that country.

J. F. Taylor and Company:

The Works of Laurence Sterne: The Journal to Eliza and Various Letters.

The aim of the publishers is to produce a complete, exact, and definite edition of the works of Sterne and Eliza Draper. For this purpose they have obtained much of the material direct from the British Museum, while reproductions of letters and old portraits have been acquired from the descendants of Sterne's patrons and friends in England. This is the first volume in an edition of twelve.

A. Wessels Company:

Old Heidelberg. By Wilhelm Meyer-Forster.

A story of German student life, translated by Max Chapelle. It concerns a poor prince, whose entire life contained only a few months of love, Karl and Katie, well-known types of lovers, and a number of German students. The simplicity of the translation makes this pathetic little tale doubly interesting.

Travels Through the Middle Settlements of North America. By Andrew Burnaby. Edited by Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

A reprint from the third edition of 1798. The book has been much enhanced by the introduction and notes of the editor.

Thomas Whittaker:

Parsifal and Galahad. The Quest of the Ideal. By Helen Isabel Whiton.

An explanation of the Holy Grail, with special reference to Parsifal and Galahad. In booklet form, bound within paper covers.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Matthew Bender:

An Outline of Municipal Government in the City of New York. By George Arthur Ingalls.

A little booklet in paper covers claiming to give a complete statement of the municipal government in the city of New York.

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AKRON, OHIO.

Emily Bronson Conger:

An Ohio Woman in the Philippines. By Emily Bronson Conger.

In this work, which contains a number of illustrations, the author has given her impressions not only of the Philippines, their customs, occupations, modes of living, etc., but also of the different points of interest passed on her journey to and from San Francisco.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Careers for the Coming Men. By Whitelaw Reid and others.

A number of articles written by prominent men covering a large number of careers which are open to the young American. The subjects discussed are: The Army, Teaching, The Navy, Commercial Life, The Church, Medicine, Railroading, Architecture, Electricity, Law, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Real Estate, Life Insurance, Public Service, Advertising, Farming, Journalism, The Stage, Publishing, Banking, and Authorship.

On a Lark to the Planets. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

A sequel to the "Wonderful Electric Elephant." In this volume four characters of the former book sail through the air on a visit to the various planets. There are seven full-page illustrations.

Boss Tom. By Matt. Stan. Kemp.

The author has endeavoured to give an accurate story of an anthracite mining village: its life, its opinions, its sorrows, and its joys, from a strictly impartial standpoint. The book is based on the experience of twenty years spent in this section of the country.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Cassia. By Edith M. Thomas.

The Path o' Dreams. By T. S. Jones, Jr.

Prairie Breezes. By James W. Foley.

Love Sonnets to Ermingarde. By Edward O. Jackson.

Books of poems and verse on various themes.

Parsifal. By George Turner Phelps.

This text aims to give the student of "Parsifal" as complete a literary study of the play as possible without the German original. The study of the relation between the three parts of the score is also made possible.

Browning and Meredith. By Mary Winchester Abbott.

A small volume giving points of similarity between the two men.

The New Lights. By Hugh Mann.

A drama in four acts. The incidents are founded upon facts.

My House. Chips the Builder Threw Away. By Edward A. Brackett.

Poems. Lyric and Dramatic. By Ethel Louise Cox.

Books of verse.

A Garden with House Attached. By Sarah Warner Brooks.

The general theme of this book is plant and plant-life. It contains good suggestions in regard to the cultivation of flowers. The volume is well bound and illustrated.

The Story of a Mission Indian. By Kathryn Wallace.

One of the Books for the Children of Mary series. The title is explanatory of the story.

Fancies and Thoughts in Verse. By Augustus George Heaton.

The themes of these poems include the sea, love, the fair sex, religion, patriotism, etc.

H. M. Caldwell Company:

Health, Strength and Power. By Dr. Dudley A. Sargent.

Suggestions in regard to the exercise, diet, bathing, sleep, clothing, etc., of boys, girls, men and women. It is also a book intended for the athlete, the broken down brain worker, and the teacher of physical culture, in which training without apparatus is explained and illustrated from life.

Ginn and Company:

Seven Lamps for the Teachers' Way. By Frank A. Hill.

While all of the addresses given by the late Dr. Hill have been prized very highly, "Seven Lamps" has met with the widest appreciation. It is published in book form in response to the numerous requests received for printed copies of the lecture. A biographical sketch prefaces the work and a portrait of Dr. Hill is the frontispiece.

Selected Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Elizabeth Lee.

A selection made in the hope of introducing students of English literature in higher schools to the work of the greatest British woman poet. It contains twenty-three short poems and passages from the longer ones.

Charles E. Goodspeed:

Whistler's Art Dicta and Other Essays.

A volume of seven essays, the titles of which are Whistler's Art Dicta, Aubrey Beardsley: Man of Letters, Notes on Three Hitherto Unpublished Drawings by Beardsley, Whistler's "Realism," and The Whistler Memorial Exhibition.

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Some of these have appeared in various periodicals.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Russo-Japanese Conflict. Its Causes and Issues. By K. Asakawa.

A description of the relation between Japan and Russia, Japan and Korea, Russia and Manchuria, and Manchuria and Japan. Dr. Asakawa writes from the standpoint of a historian and student. Frederick W. Williams, Assistant Professor of Oriental History at Yale, has written the introduction to the book. The volume is illustrated with several portraits and maps.

Judith of Bethulia. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A drama in four acts. Judith, a woman full of tenderness, mercy, and refinement, is impelled by religious fervour and love of country to do a deed of great daring. A photograph of Miss Nance O'Neil, the actress for whom the play was written, is the frontispiece.

Heroes of the Storm. By William D. O'Connor.

A volume of twenty-five true stories of American heroism, told with strict fidelity as to facts by the late William D. O'Connor, formerly Assistant Superintendent of the United States Life-Saving Service. For eleven years Mr. O'Connor wrote nearly all the accounts of shipwreck involving loss of life, and made them so interesting that it was necessary to enlarge the editions to meet the demand.

Mine and Thine. By Florence Earle Coates.

A collection of poems previously published in magazines.

Arbitration and The Hague Court. By John W. Foster.

A brief review of events dealing with arbitration up to the convention of The Hague Peace Conference. It gives the circumstances under which that Conference was called, the reasons why The Hague was appropriate for such an assemblage, and the eminent men employed and spirit of the Conference.

The Hammersmark Publishing Company:

The Twin Immortalities and Other Poems. By C. E. Russell.

A volume of verse on various themes. The attractiveness of the binding and typography deserves special mention.

Walter M. Hill:

A Masque of Love. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

A poetic drama. Special edition on fine typography and fine paper.

M. A. Long:

My Lady Beautiful. By Alice M. Long.

The author aims to tell women how, by natural methods, they may attain mental, physical and moral poise, how to sleep well, to eat well, to overcome nervousness, to regain health and youth.

Lee and Shepard:

Jason's Quest. By D. O. S. Lowell.

This story embodies the myth of the Argonautic Expedition in search of the Golden Fleece told in detail and an outline of many allied myths. The object of the book is to produce a story at once attractive and helpful to children and youth and to adults who love folklore and fairy tales.

Little, Brown and Company:

Exotics and Retrospectives. By Lafcadio Hearn.

In Ghostly Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn.

Shadowings. By Lafcadio Hearn.

A Japanese Miscellany. By Lafcadio Hearn.

New popular editions of Japanese stories, of uniform size and binding. These works first appeared from the pen of Mr. Hearn in the order as given above.

A Rose of Normandy. By W. R. A. Wilson.

A tale of love and adventure in a new edition.

The Old Corner Bookstore:

Life of Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher. By Rev. Gilbert Haven and Hon. Thomas Russell.

A collection of the sayings and doings of Father Taylor, who was for over forty years pastor of the Seaman's Bethel, in Boston. Walt Whitman has written an extended introduction to the book.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Eighteen Miles from Home. By William T. Hodge.

A tale of love and adventure. Joseph, the hero, meets many stumbling blocks in his road to success, but the end finds him happily married and his uncle's heir.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Professor Lovdahl. By Alexander Kielland.

A romance from the Northland. The love of money and power leads to the downfall of a society man and to the gradual ruin of a whole community. The author aims to put corruption and cant in their proper places.

Broke of Covenden. By J. C. Snaith.

A story of English Life. Broke, the hero of the tale, is a gentleman who has inherited both the pride and the

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mortgages of his ancestors. The central figure in the book is Broke's wife, a woman of unusual temperament. A number of other characters are introduced, among whom is Mrs. Broke's brother Charles, whose fondness for whiskey and soda and whose complicated vocabulary afford humour to portions of the story.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The White-Evans-Penfold Company:

The Trust Company Idea. By Ernest Heaton, B.A.

A very brief discussion on the nature and scope of trust companies, with specific descriptions of these corporations in this and other countries.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Illini. By Clark E. Carr.

A story of the prairies, written from the memories of over half a century lived in Illinois. The author has endeavoured to present his views of the position and influence of Illinois among the States, to give an estimate of events, and of those Illinoisans who were conspicuous actors in them, from 1850, the year in which the Fugitive-slave law was enacted, to the opening of the Civil War.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Child. By Amy Eliza Tanner.

A volume aiming to be a general summary of the important work done thus far in Child-Study. It is intended to aid in supplying information on this subject to such parents and teachers as have meagre library facilities.

Freckles and Tan. By Rowland C. Bowman.

A book of humorous verse.

A Little Fountain of Life. By Marion Foster Washburne.

The story of a wealthy young girl who has become an invalid through listlessness. A common-sense physician, into whose hands the case is placed, arouses her and brings her back to vigorous health and strength by means of exercise and charitable work.

A School History of the United States. By William H. Mace.

Educational. The aim of this book is to present a spirited narration of American history in a simple and transparent style so that the child can understand the meaning at once.

The University of Chicago:

The Ethical World-Conception of the Norse People. By Andrew Peter Fors, Ph.D.

The aim of this work is to present the Norse mythological conceptions so far as they represent the ethical world-conception of this people.

The Winona Publishing Company:

The Perennial Revival. By William B. Riley.

A plea for evangelism.

Scientific Faith. By Howard Agnew Johnston.

The book aims to point the way to a clear faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men.

History of Presbyterianism on Prince Edward Island. By John M. MacLeod.

Claimed to be a true and accurate history of Presbyterianism in Prince Edward Island.

Elisha the Man of God. By R. Clarence Dodds.

Dr. Dodds desires this book to direct the attention of Bible students with deeper interest to the beautiful and Christ-like character of Elisha.

Study to be Quiet. By Edgar W. Work.

A reprint of the book published last year. An explanation of Paul's message to the Thessalonians.

Greatness. By Henry Ostrom.

The author aims in this volume to aid humanity in the struggle for a higher standard of manhood and womanhood.

Bible Study Popularised. By Frank T. Lee.

The best methods of Bible study are here considered. The author suggests ways in which the Bible may be made interesting to the student and general reader.

The Bonanza Bible Class. By Henry F. Cope.

The many phases of a mining camp are here portrayed. Discussions of religious and Biblical difficulties take place among the campers.

The Key to the Kingdom. By Charles E. Bradt.

The author explains the meaning of the title of his book as "that which will introduce this world, with all its peoples and nations, into God's kingdom, and bring that kingdom, with all of its riches and glory, into the hearts and lives of the people and nations of this world."

How to Master the English Bible. By James M. Gray.

Dr. Gray gives his experience of a synthetic study of the Bible. By which he means the study of the Bible as a whole and each book of the Bible as a whole, and as seen in its relation to the other books.

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The Holy Spirit Our Teacher in Prayer. By R. A. Walton.

The author aims to "impress upon the mind of the petitioner that much to be attained lies before the prayer life, and to stimulate him to consider something of the wonderful possibility outlined for us in His blessed word for the development of this Christ life."

Jimmie Moore of Bucktown. By Melvin E. Trotter.

The story of the conversion of a street urchin, and his work in connection with a mission in the slums.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Burrows Brothers Company:

Cuentos Ticos. Short Stories of Costa Rica. By Ricardo Fernández Guardia.

The sub-title is explanatory of the nature of the book. The author has prefaced the stories with a sketch of Central America and its inhabitants. The work is copiously illustrated.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

The Great American Canals. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

The second volume of Mr. Hulbert's work concerns the Erie Canal. It is Volume XIV. in the Historic Highways of America.

Early Western Travels. Vol. X. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.

The tenth volume in this series. It covers Hulme's Journal, 1818-19; Flower's Letters from Lexington and the Illinois, 1819; Flower's Letters from the Illinois, 1820-21; and Woods's Two Years' Residence, 1820-21.

CINCINNATI, O.

The Robert Clarke Company:

In to the Yukon. By William Seymour Edwards.

A series of letters descriptive of the travels of the author and his wife along the Pacific coast of North America and into the far north. The book is well illustrated by snapshot photographs taken by Mr. Edwards.

Tonda. A Story of the Sioux. By Warren K. Moorehead.

Many of the incidents related in this story about the Sioux Indians actually occurred and the customs are true to life. The book gives the reader a very accurate impression of the life of this race.

COLUMBUS, O.

F. J. Heer:

A Verse Book. By Webster Perit Huntington.

A volume of poems with various themes. It is bound in white and is lettered in gilt.

DETROIT, MICH.

The Book-Keeper Publishing Company:

Manufacturing Cost. By H. L. Hall.

A work dealing with the manufacturing cost along general lines and not from the standpoint of any particular industry.

FITZGERALD, GA.

North and South Publishing Company:

The Struggle for America. By R. P. Brorup.

A general idea of the nature of this work will be formed by a glance at the following chapter-titles: Brains and Brute Force, The Social Question in the United States, The Fittest to Survive, Morality and Marriage, Revolution and Decay of the Native Race in the North, The South and the Negro, Immigration. The book is bound within paper covers.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Wanted, a Cook. By Alan Dale.

The trials and tribulations of a newly married couple are told in a humorous style. Their inexperience is taken advantage of by each new cook in turn. At last, being unable to endure the state of affairs any longer, they are obliged to break up their home and board.

A Defective Santa Claus. By James Whitcomb Riley.

A Christmas story told in verse by a small boy. The father of the little family, while impersonating Santa Claus, bumps into the tree and sets himself on fire and the uncle has to roll him in the snow to extinguish the blaze. The book is well illustrated by C. M. Relyea and Will Vawter.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

A. Siegle:

Nicholas II. Behind the Scenes in the Country of the Tsar. By B. von Sydacoff.

A paper-covered book, the sub-title of which explains its nature. Besides dealing with the life of Nicholas II., it describes the Russian Court and Russian society, and contains a chapter on the Secrets of Russian Government and one on Colonel Grimm, the Spy, and the State of Corruption in the Russian Army.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

John P. Morton and Company:

Musings and Pastels. By Bert Finck.

A volume of short, pithy paragraphs on such subjects as Self-Consciousness, Freedom, Discord, Sociability, Hope, Purity, Wisdom, Happiness, Charity, etc. Under the title of "Failure" is written: "No one has failed in life but he that is untrue to his ideals. Many, though seated on Fortune's throne, feel pangs of utter loss."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Young Churchman Company:

The Sunday School. By Rev. Oscar S. Michael.

An endeavour to compile out of first-hand documents the records of American Sunday-school work from the standpoint of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the parent church of the Sunday-school.

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA.

Acme Publishing Company:

Honesty with the Bible. By Prescott White.

The purpose of this volume is to view the Bible from the plane to which the higher spiritual conceptions and standards of to-day are lifting the minds and thoughts of so many. It also aims to make the treatment of the subject conform to scientific methods.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Brought to Heel. By Kent Carr.

"The Breaking in of St. Dunstan's" school by the Head is a story designed to interest boys. A romance is also interwoven into the tale.

The Chronicles of Don Q. By K. and Hesketh Pritchard.

A collection of adventures recorded by "Don Q.," a fearless Spanish bandit. They were originally published serially. Twelve illustrations by Stanley L. Wood enhance the value of the book.

A School Champion. By Raymond Jacberns.

A bright, wholesome story for young girls. Ten drawings by Percy Tarrant add greatly to the charm of the book.

Poketown People. By Ella Middleton Tybout.

Characteristic negro stories, previously published in magazines. The book has six full-page colour illustrations.

Songs from a Georgia Garden and Echoes from the Gates of Silence. By Robert Loveman.

Poems.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Tower of Pelée. By Angelo Heilprin.

The author describes his third visit to the Island of Martinique, and his fourth ascent of Pelée. He also gives the after-history and nature of the tower, further observations on the phenomena of Pelée, and some thoughts on volcanic phenomena suggested by the Antillean eruption. The book is well illustrated.

St. John and His Work. By Rev. Canon Benham, D.D.

Connection Between Old and New Testaments. By Rev. George Milne Rae, D.D.

Two additions to the Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks. The titles are explanatory of the nature of the books.

The True Henry Clay. By Joseph M. Rogers.

The latest addition to the True Biographies series. Mr. Rogers has based his book not on the knowledge acquired through literature alone, but on a long and intimate personal acquaintance with Henry Clay. The volume aims to "tell the truth about Clay and his failures and successes." The work is well illustrated.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Arthur Crane:

The New Philosophy. By Arthur Crane.

This book, published by the author, is by him offered gratis and postpaid to every applicant. He uses the word "Philosophy" in the sense of the new philosophy as defined all through, religion having nothing at all to do with it. The topics discussed are Love, Attitude of Health, Modern Molechs, Peace Be Unto You, Unselfishness, The Use of Understanding, The Principle of Harmony, Man's Place and Power, The Order of the Infinite.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Business Career. By Albert Shaw, Ph.D.

The first volume in a series of Lectures on the Morals of Trade. This series will contain essays bearing on business life under the new economic order.

The Whitaker and Ray Company:

California and Its Missions. 2 vols. By Byran J. Clinch.

The object of the author is to tell both the secular and religious history of California during the whole period of the missions. Among the subjects treated are those which have hitherto been little touched by modern writers on Califor-

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nia, though of much importance for comprehension of phases of its history.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The New Century Press:

The Know-Nothing Party. By Humphrey J. Desmond.

A survey of the Nativist and Know-Nothing movements in American politics. It is divided into two parts: Native-Americanism, and The Know-Nothing Party.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Quest of John Chapman. Hillis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten. Herford. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Foolish Dictionary. Wurdz. (Luce & Co.) 75c.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Italian Villas. Wharton. (Century Co.) $6.00.
6. The Road in Tuscany. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $6.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Bethany. Watson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Georgians. Harbin. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Master's Violin. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Italian Villas. Wharton. (Century Co.) $6.00.
2. Ruskin Letters to Norton. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $4.00.
3. The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten. Herford. (Scribner.) $1.00.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Japan. Hearn. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
6. Music and Other Poems. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Love Finds the Way. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. Out to Old Aunt Mary's. Riley-Christy. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Christmas Eve on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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DENVER, COL.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Zelda Dameron. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. A Defective Santa Claus. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.
3. Out to Old Aunt Mary's. Riley-Christy. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
4. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Petals of Love for Thee. Orthwein. (Dodge.) $2.00.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
6. Monarch. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Captains of the World. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mountains. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Monarch. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Land of Little Rain. Austin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Christmas Eve on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Love Finds the Way. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee. Lee. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. That Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley-Christy. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
3. Kitty of the Roses. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $2.00.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. On Your Mark. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.20.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
2. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Betrayal. Oppenheim. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Music. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. Monarch. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Poems of Childhood. Field-Parrish. (Scribner.) $2.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Italian Villas. Wharton. (Century Co.) $6.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. An Angel by Brevet. Pitkin. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Love Finds the Way. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. Christmas Eve on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Out to Old Aunt Mary's. Christy-Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

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OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
5. The Dialstone Lane. Jacobs. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Americans. Münsterberg. (McClure-Phillips.) $2.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Prodidgal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.)
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Japan. Hearn. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Touch of Nature. Lord. (American Unitarian Association.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Reminiscences of Lee. Lee. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
   Christmas Eve on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Common Lot. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Monarch. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.25. $1.25.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Long Ago and Later On. Bromley. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Prosit. Clotho. (Elder.) $1.25.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
6. The Cynic Meditations. Pulitzer. (Dodge.) 75c.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Out to Old Aunt Mary's. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Foolish Dictionary. Wurdz. (Luce & Co.) 75c.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Japan. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.60.
3. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten. Herford. (Scribner.) $1.00.
5. Autobiography of M. D. Conway. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $6.00.
6. Reminiscences of Peace and War. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	283
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50	163
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	159
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50	99
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50	54
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	42

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